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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

Raumer's England.—[*England in 1835*. By Friederich Von Raumer.] 2 vols. Leipsig: Brockhaus; London, Black & Armstrong.

THE author of 'The History of the House of Hohenstaufen,' better known, however, to the English public, by his Letters from Paris, being now engaged on another important work, 'The History of the Three Last Centuries,' undertook last year a journey to this country, for the purpose of exploring the literary treasures in the British Museum, the State Paper Office, and other public repositories; where he naturally expected to find ample materials for his undertaking, and likewise to acquaint himself with the character of the people and the nature of our institutions. In one of his letters, he himself states the point of view in which this latest production of his literary activity is to be considered. "Accounts from England," he says, "must differ very much, in their style and contents, from accounts from France. Paris offers fireworks shining for a moment: here the coal-fire of activity and thought burns the whole day." In fact, these English letters of so recent a date, are as different from his celebrated Letters from Paris in 1830, as the present state of England is from the situation of France at that time. The letters from Paris, considered as a whole, form a great drama, in which we behold, from day to day, from hour to hour, the increasing embarrassments of unhappy misunderstandings, the evident prognostics, the oppressive heat of the air before the storm, the resistless violence of the phenomenon, and then, when it has passed over, we breathe with him again in the cooled atmosphere, lament with him at what has been destroyed without necessity, or rejoice at the return of order and tranquillity. By a singular good fortune, the author became the witness of events of almost equal importance in England; but how different is the total impression and character of these letters. A few weeks' residence in Paris enabled him to discern the disease of the moral and political organization, and, without being a prophet, he was able to predict what must and did ensue; but, in England, notwithstanding his long previous study of our history and constitution, he approaches with timidity and reverence, the threshold of the vast edifice whose recesses are not open to every eye, nor its construction to be given in a few arithmetical formula; he feels, that the most serious researches, the most careful examination, are necessary to comprehend this wondrous structure, resting on the foundations of a thousand years. Accompanying him through his varied inquiries, we gradually arrive with him at a result which is happily not dramatic, but epic, for he shows us that our favoured country is not upon the brink of a precipice, as so many would daily prophesy, and that no sanguinary catastrophe threatens to level the historical monuments of past ages.

With respect to our political parties, he disapproves the use of the name of Radical—if, by it, we are to understand a community of ideas with the visionaries and projectors of other countries. There may be some such in England, but their number is very small, and their notions are disliked by the sensible and great majority of the nation, which desires only the necessary im-

provements that have been too long delayed through mistaken fear, but not a total revolution and the commencement of a new era. Of the Whigs and Tories, he says—

People wonder that the Whigs have never remained long at the helm, but have always been compelled to give way to the Tories; this seems to me very natural, and even necessary. The former have always prepared and accomplished the great changes, and, during certain critical periods, have assumed the office of bold physicians; but their mode of treatment was not so well adapted to the usual course of things, and, in days of calm, the nation returned to its ordinary regimen. If the Tories had always done what was right, and at the right time, the Whigs would never have come into power. The Tories negligently suffered the watch to run down—then came the Whigs and wound it up again. Having done this, they retired, or were forced to do so. The idol of the false Tories is the *vis inertiae*, that of the false Whigs, the *perpetuum mobile*. But centrifugal as well as centripetal force is necessary for regular motion: and how much more complex and varied are the motions of all that really has life!

M. von R. arrived on the 22nd of March, and remained till the end of September, during which time, he visited the principal manufacturing towns in England, and Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin. Though furnished with the highest introductions to the most eminent persons of all parties, he seldom mentions names, but merely gives the initial, except in the cases of some distinguished public characters,—to which he was probably induced, by the offence that was given by the letters of Prince Puckler Muskau, and the disclosures of private affairs by him and other travellers. The English reader, however, will find little or no difficulty in recognizing the individuals intended.

When C. M. gave me a letter of introduction to his relation L. M., he added, if you wish to save your money you must not always follow his advice. I was reminded of this yesterday, when he said that I must go into the boxes, and not into the pit, and that they were by no means expensive. I accepted his invitation to dinner, which, however lasted till midnight. If I compare my own moderate dinners with yesterday's entertainment, the latter must have cost more pounds, each person, than mine does shillings. In the first place, the rooms were splendidly furnished, in the antique style, with gold and silk hangings; the whole service of plate, silver water-plates, changes of silver knives and forks at every dish, and these dishes, as well as the kinds of wine, innumerable; the servants in rich liveries, and handing everything in white gloves. Though I drank very little to the healths that were proposed, and let the stronger wines pass by, yet I drank too much, especially because there was no cooling beverage to allay thirst, and the highly-seasoned dishes are as heating as wine. Several times, when all the dishes had been removed, I fancied dinner was over, but the table was instantly re-covered. Now began the ceremony of washing the mouths, but instead of rising after this operation, we had another course of sweets. After this the table was again cleared, and a large silver basin placed before one of the gentlemen, who poured into it a bottle of water, dipped his napkin into it, washed his face, and then pushed the basin to me. It was filled with rose-water, to me a novel and most refreshing luxury. At length the company arose, but only the ladies went, and amused or amused themselves in an adjoining apartment, while the gentlemen again sat down, and did not join them till more than an hour after. The amusements of the evening were now to commence—but, remembering the labours of the morrow, I hastened home at midnight.

April 4.—Yesterday I dined at the Archbishop of C—'s, a very courteous, polished, and intelligent man, who has always conducted himself with great moderation, though he naturally endeavoured to preserve the Church as much as possible, and only to remedy its defects; but he is certainly obliged, like many others, to oppose abuses more decidedly than before. The difference between the Church of England and that of Germany might be inferred from this single dinner; it would have exhausted a month's or a year's revenue of our clergy, if silver knives, forks, spoons, plates, dishes, and covers were to be provided. Too much, according to the rigid Presbyterian standard; little, if compared with our old archbishops and bishops. The same rule cannot apply to all, and if the immense disparity of fortune be tolerated and approved among the laity, there may be also gradations among the clergy. A poor church is not the best on account of its poverty, and where the sons of the distinguished and the rich refrain from entering the church, and where there is no encouraging prospect, defects of another kind will surely creep in.

June 6.—Since my last I have paid two visits, which alone would be worth the trouble of a journey, or, at least, make this a very remarkable day to me. Sir R. P. had asked the B. v. B. [Baron von Bülow] whether an article in an English journal gave a correct account of the nature and the contents of our municipal ordinance. M. v. B. had mentioned me, and a written introduction gave me an opportunity of paying my respects. The room into which I was shown indicated both the wealth and taste of the possessor. The walls were covered with bookcases and paintings; many works of art were dispersed about the apartment, and a small, uncommonly fine Venus, amused me till Sir R. entered. I might almost say, there is something German in his appearance; he is not so slender and tall as most Englishmen, and is neither so thin as Pitt, nor so corpulent as Fox. His pronunciation is so clear and distinct, that I understood every word; and, in general, I find it more easy to converse with a statesman upon matters of importance, than with chambermaids and waiters about trifling things. At all events, I was able to explain many principal features in our constitution.

This evening the new bill for municipal reform is to be introduced into parliament, and Sir R. P. said, that after he knew the contents he should wish to see me again. I replied, that I should be ready to wait upon him whenever he desired it, and that it gave me great pleasure to become personally acquainted with him; and, in fact, without such an opportunity, I could never have ventured to intrude myself on this remarkable man.

Having grown bolder, I thought to myself strangers may take liberties with great men, and resolved to proceed immediately from Sir R. P. to his antipode (you will be horrified) Daniel O'Connell. He was sitting in a small room in his dressing-gown, at a table covered with letters and papers. I began by making an apology for intruding on him without any introduction—but that I was not unacquainted with Irish history, and with his own exertions. When it appeared that he had read my Historical Letters I was more at my ease, though I could not so implicitly assent to his opinions of Elizabeth, founded upon Lingard. We agreed, however, respecting the much-talked-of and much misrepresented history of the Catholic conspiracy in 1641. I refer to my account of it in the fifth volume of my History of Europe. I am equally of his opinion that the tenants at will are worse off in Ireland than anywhere else, and that improvements in agriculture, increase of exports, and the like, can, by no means, prove so advantageous to them as to our peasant proprietors, who are superlatively happy in comparison. I told him that what he wished to obtain for

Ireland had been long since possessed by the Prussian Catholics, and that animosities and complaints had ceased together with persecution. It is the English ministry that has made the man a giant; but he is a giant, by the energy of his mind and will, compared with the Lilliputians of straw, who, among us, are called demagogues, and, that they may at least grow a little, and appear to be of more importance, are shut up in the hothouse of Köpenick,† or placed under the microscope of Mayence. Without careful attendance, these blades would have long since been withered and dispersed by the wind; now, at least, some are preserved as specimens, and kept in the herbaria of justice, in *perpetuum rei memoriam*.

March 25.—Mrs. A. had appointed me to call upon her at 11 o'clock in the evening, to introduce me to the Duke of D. [Devonshire]. This, therefore, was the first English rout at which I was present. Of course it must be much more interesting to one who is acquainted with the company than to a stranger, but, on the other hand, the novelty adds to the interest, and from this superficial but natural view, I will repeat, what you must, indeed, have often heard already. The apartments, and the arrangements, were grand and magnificent, but such as a very rich man makes for his whole life, without regard to petty fashions, changes of taste, and such French frippery. The rooms not too small for the number of persons invited, but, as elsewhere, the greatest heat and the greatest crowd in the vicinity of the ball-room. Almost all the gentlemen wore black coats, pantaloons, black or grey stockings, black or coloured waistcoats, and black or white stocks. There was nothing remarkable or different from our customs; even all the dancers wore pantaloons. The ladies were, on the whole, dressed with much simplicity and taste—their pearl and diamond necklaces, and other ornaments, were rich, but they were, in no case, overloaded with them; necks and shoulders uncovered; some had long ringlets, but none wore the hair *à la Chinoise*, or the forehead quite bare; most of them had curls on both sides, as represented in engravings. Hardly anything was danced but waltzes, the room for which was much narrowed by the crowding of the spectators. And now, you ask, what do you say of the main point, the beauty of the women? Paris, who has earned his fame so cheaply, had a much more easy task in deciding between his three goddesses, than I have. Though spectacles are very little worn either in company or in London generally, I nevertheless took courage, put on mine, and commenced my examination as a true lover and connoisseur. When, however, I had determined that one particular lady was the most beautiful, a second and a third came and upset all my decisions. In my whole life I have not seen so many beautiful women in one place, and I can now understand Tieck's predilection for English women. Yet, even in this moment of enthusiasm and excitement, I do not forget Roman women. A certain resemblance exists between the two nations, though by no means in similarity of form and expression. The Roman females (it would seem) neglect their waist, hips and feet; those of England the carriage of the neck and shoulders. The men, yesterday, were certainly less handsome than the women, which is also the case in Berne, while in Naples, again, the men are much handsomer than the women. The company consisted of the richest and most distinguished people—dukes, ambassadors, &c. Among us the three hundred uniforms would have been covered with crosses, stars, and orders; here, there was nothing of the sort; nearly every one that was so decked or distinguished was a foreigner.

May 29.—When I arrived, at half past eleven, at the Marquis of L. [Lansdowne], I found but few persons assembled in the large and magnificent apartments, and had leisure to admire the beautiful statues in one of the saloons, which were very advantageously lighted from above, and had a good effect against the red silk back-ground. The rooms gradually began to fill, and I continued my remarks of the morning. The gentlemen this evening, for the most part, wore scarlet uniforms, others embroidered court-dresses, with bags. The ladies were more attractive than the gentlemen; the greater portion were dressed in white satins, or other rich stuffs of the same colour—only two or three more elderly ladies

had on hats or other covering for the head. White silk shoes, and stockings of this colour, but so transparent that the feet appeared uncovered. There was none *à la Chinoise*, though the forehead was left exposed, and the hair hung down in long tresses, or was taken back, or braided. On the back of the head a knot of braids, within which was placed the plume of feathers—only three or four very young ladies were without this ornament; all the others, both old and young, wore the full plume of white ostrich feathers. In front, a golden diadem, a flower, or brilliants, of the most costly description.

Should the House of Lords, as some apprehend, become unpopular, the best policy for the old peers would be, to retreat into the reserve, and place their beautiful wives and daughters as a defence in the front line: no one would be able to resist them—they must conquer. An aristocracy of such blood is, physically, not *usé*. With the exception, probably, only of the most determined Tories, everything that London contains, of rank and distinction, was assembled at the Marquis of L.'s—but who tells us their names? Of course I wished to make acquaintances at these parties, and I was introduced to some; but, in fact, the very desire shows that we know nothing at all of English routs, and that we are requiring an impossibility, or even absurdity. When I had convinced myself that conversation was as little the object of these parties as to eat or drink, I had made some advance in knowledge, and I thought that they were intended only to see and to be seen. But this was not a sufficient explanation, for yesterday evening the individuals of the company were so situated that they could not be seen. In Germany there may chance to be one guest more than there is room for at table, and then the rest sit rather more closely;—in Paris there may be twenty or thirty for whom there are no chairs to sit on—but here, there are actually more people than standing room: it was, in fact, more crowded than in the streets, only that the people assembled here did not move so quickly, but remained quiet, while the populace always takes a particular pleasure in pushing and elbowing. But, even here, ladies and gentlemen were brought into such close contact as could be excused only by a generally authorized custom, or by necessity. It took me above half an hour to get from the farther apartment to the entrance; it would not have been possible to get through sooner. When I left the house fresh company were still setting down; nay, the number of carriages waiting to come up was so great, that many ladies got out in the street, and went on foot through the long court-yard of the palace. It was not till two o'clock that I rested after this long and eventful day.

June 12.—My resolution to retire very early this evening was frustrated by Mr. H., who called for me at ten o'clock, and, after we had taken up two ladies, and driven above half a German mile, we arrived at — a musical soiree. The heat in the two drawing-rooms was insufferable, and the company so numerous that many sat down on the ground and staircase. It was with the utmost difficulty that I forced my way along this narrow path to regain the open air, as a longer stay could hardly have been borne by an uninitiated.

Whatever trouble I take to comprehend all that is strange and different from our manners, and to judge of it impartially, I was yesterday heated till I fell into a mood which made me consider companies of this kind as an excrescence—as a very objectionable custom. It is a singular kind of tyranny, by which a person can, by means of a slip of paper, or a printed card, compel some hundreds of people willingly to hunger, thirst, perspire, to throng and push, to stand instead of sit, sigh instead of speak, and, at the conclusion of this *supplice*, to return thanks, like schoolboys in Germany, for the gracious punishment.

June 19.—I told you, in my last, that I was to dine, on the 17th, at Kensington. As the weather was fine, I set out earlier, and strayed about the garden, park, and wood—for all these names are applicable. The very large oaks, beeches, horse and sweet chestnuts, are, however, the principal ornaments; and the sheep, on the greensward, seemed to be as happy as if in Paradise. It has a peculiar charm, that the London parks are not (like our parks) become the exclusive property of man,

and entirely destitute of animals; the cows, horses, and sheep, share here in the rights and enjoyments of their owners.

The company consisted of nine persons, among whom was Mr. Waddington, author of a work on Ecclesiastical History, who had been at Jerusalem, and Mr. Davison, who had visited India, Egypt, and Mexico, and intended to go to Timbuctoo, in order to proceed from that place either to the Cape or to Egypt:—he entertains a hope of meeting with a civilized people in the centre of Africa. On my objecting that such a people must long since have advanced to the coast, he replied, that the ancient Egyptians had not been a wandering people. But who knows from what distance they came before they reached the Mediterranean, and whether there is not more truth in the stories of the triumphs of Sesostris than we are generally disposed to believe? Among other things, Mr. Davison related two anecdotes of Burckhardt—as I do not know whether they have ever yet been published, I will repeat them. Burckhardt, after having had an audience of the Pasha of Egypt, was called back, and the Pasha said to him—"You speak Arabic with too much purity to have learned it merely by conversation. You are a German, or an Englishman, and are travelling about to write a book; say at least in it, that you did not succeed in deceiving an Oriental. You have learned everything very well, but I have found you out by your feet, which are not those of an Arab, but have long been cramped in shoes."

On the road to Mecca provisions are often scarce, and Burckhardt contrived, very dexterously, to put some bread, which had been left in his sleeve. Upon this a Turk said to him, "Now I have discovered you! you are a Christian dog, and because you do not trust Providence for a single day, you have stolen the bread."

April 13.—Yesterday, the morning being particularly fine, I walked along Oxford Street, through Hyde Park, to Kensington, to breakfast with the Duke of S. The distance is about as great as from my house, in Berlin, to Charlottenburg. The young foliage everywhere appears, notwithstanding the coolness of the mornings and evenings; the greensward is already assuming its English hue, treading on it is not so strictly forbidden as with us, but children play about, and immensely fat sheep are grazing on it. Hyde Park is a great meadow, and in Kensington Gardens are the largest trees. There is no trace of the elegance of the details which is so pleasing at the Tuileries and the Luxembourg; but the extent of the Park and Gardens is far greater, and much more rural and natural—more resembling our Park on the road from Dessau to Worlitz. Kensington is the residence of the more popular members, as it appears, of the royal family—the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria.

The countenance of the Duke, notwithstanding the weakness of his eyes, has an expression of the greatest good-nature, cheerfulness, and frankness, and the course of the conversation confirmed this supposition. As the gentlemen present did not understand German, the conversation was carried on in English, which the Duke, fortunately, spoke so plainly that I scarcely missed a word. He inquired in the first place respecting my literary projects, and promised his services, especially with respect to the State Paper Office, adding, that he did not make such an offer without intending to perform it; but that I must wait till the Ministry should be formed.

He spoke about the affairs of the Church, of the Universities, of the change of the Ministry, of the Tories who had learned nothing—who misunderstood the times, and had called forth the power of the Radicals by unreasonable opposition. You know his opinions, however, and I have an invincible aversion to writing anything that might look like tittle-tattle, or give occasion to it. • • •

The Duke speaks with much readiness and judgment, and in two hours and a half the course of interesting conversation was never once interrupted, so that the time appeared to me extremely short.

June 20.—I dined with that highly-respected publisher, Mr. John Murray. I there met Mrs. Austin; the wife, the son, and daughter of Mr. Charles Kemble, the former thoroughly versed in the German language; and his sister I have already mentioned as

† The prison for persons accused of political offences.—Ed.

a celebrated singer; Mr. Milman, the reviewer of my *Hohenstaufen*, &c. I sat between Mrs. Murray and another lady of agreeable manners; that her mother and niece were of French extraction, helped to make us acquainted. She, however, entirely declined an English origin, and said, "I am a Scotchwoman." This might have furnished me with opportunity for many remarks, but I engaged in the story of Mary Stuart and Elizabeth. The transition to Sir Walter Scott was easy. I observed he was read in Germany, and that the pure morality of his works made them more liked than those of Byron, who, with all his talents, has too much of the diabolical and extravagant. From Scott's 'Abbot,' I said, we had a more correct knowledge of Mary, than from the works of her unhistorical advocates. In this manner the conversation proceeded, when Mr. Murray, who probably had heard a part of it, rose, came to me, and said in a whisper, "Do you know your neighbour is?"—"No."—"It is the daughter of Walter Scott." I can hardly describe to you what a great impression this unexpected intelligence made upon me—not regret at having said anything disagreeable—not satisfaction at anything flattering; nothing of this kind came into my head; but I scarcely know why I dwelt alone on the idea—Walter Scott is dead. I felt only the grief of the daughter at having lost such a father—her sorrow at hearing him speak only in his works, of hearing from strangers from a distant country a faint echo of her own feelings. I am not ashamed to confess that I found it difficult to suppress an emotion which was entirely out of place in a cheerful company, and would probably have been the most unpleasant to her, whom I should have been very sorry to have hurt in the smallest degree.

Dublin, August 23.

On the 19th of August I went from Clonmel to Cork. At first there was a wooded valley, then the monotonous desert valley of the Suir, military barracks in Fermoy, and a handsome approach by the side of the river or bay to Cork. The city is more purely Irish than Dublin; the hills to the sea, and toward the interior of the county, ornamented in a most diversified and pleasing manner with country houses; in the green meadows on the side there were again quiet sheep, instead of the grunting swine, which elsewhere are the only domestic animals to be seen. I looked at the theatre with as much indifference as if I had never been a friend to theatrical amusements; and, the evening being fine, preferred a walk in the environs. From one house I heard the German waltz, *Lieber Augustin*.

On the 20th, I went to Killarney, and hastened to Ross Castle, in order to enjoy the prospect of the picturesque mountains and lakes. I the more willingly refrain from comparisons, because the weather all at once became extremely unfavourable, and compelled me to give up the plan of seeing the whole. I returned to Dublin by way of Limerick, through fertile tracts, tedious bogs, and barren heaths, the rain pouring down all the time. You must be content with this dry enumeration; and, if you desire descriptions of scenery, you may read over again what I wrote last year about the same time from Switzerland.—My mind is filled with one thought—I can entertain no other—it is that of the inexpressible wretchedness of so many thousands. In England I looked in vain for misery, and all the complaints that I heard seemed to me to be partial and exaggerated; here no words can express the frightful truth which everywhere meets the eye. To form an idea of it, you must see these houses—not houses, but huts—not huts, but hovels, mostly without windows or apertures; the same entrance—the same narrow space for men and hogs, the latter lively, sleek, and well fed, the former covered with rags, or rather hung with fragments of rags in a manner which it is impossible to conceive. If I except the respectable people in the towns, I did not see upon thousands of Irish, a whole coat, a whole shirt, or any other part of their dress—but all in tatters.

The ruins of ancient castles were pointed out to me; but how could I take any pleasure in them while the desolate ruined huts surrounded me, and testified the distress of the present times more loudly than the others did the grandeur of the past? But then the lords were of the same race—of the same language; they were on the spot, and the people certainly not so wretched as since the confiscations of the English

conquerors. Other huts were half fallen down, but the occupants crept into the remaining half, which was not larger than a coffin for the wretched family.

When I recollect the well-fed rogues and thieves in the English prisons, I admire, notwithstanding the very natural increase of Irish criminals, the power of morality—I wonder that the whole nation does not go over and steal, in order to enjoy a new and happier existence. And then the English boast of the good treatment of their countrymen, while the innocent Irish are obliged to live worse than their cattle. In Parliament they talk for years together whether it is necessary and becoming to give 100,000 dollars annually (15,000*l.*) to the pastors of 526 Protestants, or 10,759 dollars to the pastors of 3 Protestants; while there are thousands here who scarcely know that they have a soul, and know nothing of their body except that it suffers hunger, thirst, and cold.

Which of these ages is the dark and barbarous—the former, when mendicant monks imparted their goods to the poor, and, in their way, gave them the most rational comfort; or the latter, when rich (or bankrupt) aristocrats can see the woe of the Church and of religion (or of their relations) only in retaining possession of that which was taken and obtained by violence?

All the blame is thrown on agitators, and discontent produced by artificial means. Absurd! Every falling hut causes agitation, and every tattered pair of breeches a *sans-culotte*. Since I have seen Ireland I admire the patience and moderation of the people, that they do not (what would be more excusable in them than in distinguished revolutionists, authors, journalists, Benthamites, baptized and unbaptized Jews,) drive out the Devil through Beelzebub the prince of the devils.

Thrice happy Prussia, with its free proprietary peasantry, its agricultural nobles, its contented and tolerant clergy, its well-educated youth!

I endeavoured to discover the original race of the ancient Irish and the beauty of the women. But how could I venture to give an opinion! Take the loveliest of the English maidens from the saloons of the Duke of Devonshire or the Marquis of Lansdowne, carry her—not for life, but for one short season, into an Irish hovel—feed her on water and potatoes, clothe her in rags, expose her blooming cheek and alabaster neck to the scorching beams of the sun, and the drenching torrents of rain, let her wade with naked feet through marshy bogs, with her delicate hands pick up the dung that lies in the road, and carefully stow it by the side of her mud resting-place, give her a hog to share this with her—to all this add no consolatory remembrance of the past, no cheering hope of the future—nothing but misery—a misery which blunts and stupifies the mind—a misery of the past, the present, and the future—would the traveller, should this image of woe crawl from out of her muddy hovel, and imploringly stretch out her withered hand, recognize the noble maiden whom a few short weeks before he admired as the model of English beauty?

And yet the children, with their black hair and dark eyes, so gay and playful in their tatters—created in the image of God—are in a few years, by the fault of man and the government, so worn out, without advantage to themselves or others, that the very beasts of the field might look down on them with scorn.

Is what I have said exaggerated, or perhaps merely an unreasonable and indecorous fiction? or should I have suppressed it, because it may offend certain parties? What have I to do with O'Connell and his opponents? I have nothing either to hope or to fear from any of them; but to declare what I saw, thought, and felt, is my privilege, and my duty. *Dis-cite justitiam, moniti, et non temerè dios!*

Liverpool, August 24.

Thank God I am again in England, though not with the same feelings that I left it. Last night, as I quitted Dublin in the steam-boat, the dark clouds traversed the sky in rapid confusion, and when the sun burst through them, the mountains on the right and left threw their long shadows towards England. This shadow spreads in my fancy over the lately so glowing scene, and the more I endeavour to efface it, the more indelible does it appear, like the blood stains to Lady Macbeth. I have read and

written much on the sufferings of different ages and nations, and wrote and read with sympathy; but it is a far different thing to see them; to see them in their gigantic form in our highly-exalted times, denied and extenuated—nay, acknowledged and justified by those who, like the French, fancy that they are at the head of all human civilization. No wonder if the native Irish, like the prophet of old by the waters of Babylon, sit down and weep, if I, a stranger, am compelled to reckon the few days I passed among them as the most melancholy of my life.

June 5.—Windsor has far surpassed my expectation, and produced a greater impression on my mind than any other castle I have ever seen. It combines the bold peculiarity of the middle ages with all the comfort and magnificence of the present day. There is not a tedious symmetrical repetition of similar apartments, not the same thing over and over again; but every staircase, every gallery, every saloon, every window is different, striking, and peculiar—in a word, it is poetical. Amid the bustling grandeur of the wealthy active London, I have often longed for the entrancing repose of Venice—an accordance of poetic feeling or fantastic boldness—but in vain; not a trace of it, even in the social meetings; nothing but a strongly-marked reality, the dull mathematics of life, calculation, gain, dominion. In Windsor, on the contrary, the rich history of England, with all its varied recollections, was suddenly brought to my mind. These giant towers, bastions, balconies, chapels, and halls of chivalry, the ever-changing prospect over stream and valley, wood and pasture—the fantasy of a thousand years compressed within a single moment, all combine to produce an effect exceeding everything that scenic decoration can produce on canvas.

I have understood Versailles—I have seen Louis XIV., followed by his Court, with measured pace walking up and down those rectilinear avenues, between hedges, fountains, and fabulous animals; but it was a piece of Racine or Corneille. In Windsor, on the other hand, I understood, for the first time in England, that Shakespeare was an Englishman: he reigns here as monarch, and his ideal world has here a local habitation. When we afterwards passed in the royal carriage through the parks between primeval oaks and beech trees, the most beautiful natural scenery opened before us, combined with picturesque gardens and peaceful lakes: gaily decorated barges lay ready to pass to the opposite intricately wooded banks: I was on the soil where, in days of yore, the Henries reigned and acted their great tragedies—where, on moonlight nights, Titania and Oberon gambolled with their elfs—where Rosalind strayed—where Jacques indulged his melancholy musings, or Beatrice flung around the lively sallies of her wit. When the storm had passed over, we returned home through a richly-cultivated country; and, as the evening was fine, we had a clearer view than usual of the distance; but, as we approached London, we entered a thick mist, which veiled from us the garden of poetry, and the prose of life called for dinner at nine in the evening. The day had been sufficiently rich—it needed no addition; but an invitation, "Lady E. at home," imposed on me other duties. When I arrived at half-past-ten, I found only four persons assembled—if I conclude that these were members of the family, I was the first visitor. Setting aside my eulogium on Windsor, I may call these saloons of Bridgewater House, princely—nay, regal; and, though decorated with the finest paintings, there were many of the ladies present, who excelled the creations of the artist. Why should they not also possess the mind, the wit, the spirit, feeling, courage, sympathy, which Shakespeare found on English ground, and idealized in his mind? But, truly, a *route* is not the place where the wings either of mind or body can expand; and in this splendid reality the highest poetic energy is concentrated into a mathematical point. How gladly would I have had the *Talisman* from Madame de Genlis' *Palais de la Vérité*, to discover what lay concealed in heart and head beneath these strings of pearls and diamonds! How gladly would I have ascertained whether Shakespeare's harmonies here found a worthy response. After I, black atom, had reverently moved amid this brilliant throng till beyond the hour of midnight, I was reminded that I had been above eighteen hours on my feet. The many ladies who were still waiting

till it was their turn to be set down, remained invisible to my corporeal sight; but, mentally, I reverted to the creations of Shakespeare, till, as at Windsor, dream and reality were softly blended.

June 25.—My time here is so limited, and every day so fully occupied, that I am not able to see many most interesting things. Thus I went yesterday, for the first time, to the National Gallery. It is inferior to many others in the number of pictures, but it has some of the highest class: among these, I cannot reckon, according to my feelings, the historical and scripture paintings of West and Reynolds, nor the landscapes of some English painters. A series of paintings by Hogarth confirms what we have learned from the engravings, of the peculiar and witty design of this master; and some pieces by Wilkie, may be placed in the same rank as the best pieces of familiar life of the Flemish school. We here see Rembrandt in a new character, namely, in the careful execution of smaller figures: and I would prefer a Bacchanalian scene, by Poussin, to everything I have seen of that master.

The remainder of his criticism has reference to the works of the old masters, and, though sound and good, has no particular interest for Englishmen.

Raumer, in his Observations on the Theatres, the Opera, the Public Concerts, expresses his disapprobation of the style of acting and singing, as well of the English as of the Italian performers. He thinks that Shakespeare's plays are better acted in Germany than in London, and the modern Italian school of music finds little mercy at his hands. On a representation of 'Much Ado about Nothing,' at the Haymarket, he says—

I cannot accustom myself to this mode of speaking and acting—this drawing, accenting, sudden stops, commas at every word—this suppression of the tones, by which the full melody of the voice is lost—these loud exclamations, and changes of the voice, all this seems to me to be nothing but mannerism, which is as much admired, though it is just as bad as the screaming, lisping, and affectation of the modern Italian vocal school.

Then I found it difficult, out of the several scenes of Benedick, to compose a complete man: they were *dijecta membra*, of apparent gravity, and comic rudeness. Miss Taylor acted well; but still it was acting, and I saw only the performer who had thoroughly studied her part, instead of the poetical figure of a maiden, who is irresistible as soon as she adds to her sharp arrows even a single grain of engaging good-nature. I may be mistaken, but I cannot think that Shakespeare conceived these highly-poetic characters as they are represented by Kemble and Miss Taylor. How refined was Wolf in his manner, even in the bitterest expressions—how remote was he from mean comedy; how did he combine keenness with good-nature, and a kind of self-irony, which unconsciously offers itself to raillery, and meets it! The same may be said of Beatrice. The wantonness is not meant maliciously to inflict pain, but she is filled with it to the very tips of her fingers; it is real superiority of the understanding, and only conceals, by a brilliant firework, the inmost recesses of a heart capable of love and friendship—nay, unconsciously to herself, already overflowing with them, and for that very reason doubly amiable. So I conceived the part, whom I last saw in this character; so several German actresses also understood it. Here, on the contrary, I could not help thinking into what cold, bitter quarrels the persons brought together would fall, and how they would deplore the raillery which, in spite of nature, had converted them into man and wife.

As I am in the way of censuring and criticising, I may as well continue, and not keep my heresies to myself. Yesterday evening I heard a grand selection of sacred and profane music at Drury Lane. Thirty different pieces were sung, of which I heard twenty-two, but excused myself from hearing the third part, in which Rossini figured alone.

We shall translate merely his observations on English singers, &c. :—

The singing was duly suited to the composition; Grisi, in particular, showed her skill in these musi-

cal sleights, this running upon stilts, and was now up, now down, quicker than a Russian swing. The English, however, know well, in other matters, the value of a pound sterling—but the shining appearance of these southern *counters* seems to have put it out of their heads, and to make them unjust to their native artists. The simple performance of a pathetic air of Handel's, by Miss Kemble, affected me more than all the wonderful tricks à la Tartini, or à la Rossini. It is to be hoped, that Miss Kemble will not, like all the rest, take the fashionable way for the right one, or consider every deviation from genuine female singing, every advance on the way of instrumental *sol-fa-ing* as positive gain. May she never, instead of adorning herself with a small number of pure pearls of melody, hang a multitude of false stones round her neck—with these she would never attain the proficiency of the Italians: let every one keep to his own proper sphere.

The voices of the English female singers cannot be compared for pliability, brilliancy, magnificence, and boldness, with many Italians: and yet I am tempted to make a very odd comparison—one might marry the former voices, the latter may be compared to seducing mistresses who turn one's head. But, after a season, *una stagione*, the most sensible return to their simple, unaffected housewife, and feel, that the most brilliant ensign of art is often the furthest removed from the Holy of Holies of the Temple.

Ripon, Aug. 2.

The last few days in London were, of course, so fully taken up with other matters, that study was out of the question, and I had not even time to pay the most necessary visits. As I have neither leisure nor composure to enter into general observations on London, I will mention only one point, in which I am personally concerned. While many persons complain of the unsociableness of the English, I have the greatest reason to extol their obligingness and readiness to do services. Much, as I have already observed, depends on recommendation, but certainly not all; for some persons, to whom I had no recommendation whatever, showed me almost more attention than any others.

On the 30th of July I travelled, in one day, 124 English miles to Nottingham, on the 31st to Wakefield, on the 1st of August, to this town. The character of the whole country is by no means so picturesque, fantastic, or sublime, as many parts of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, but in the highest degree agreeable, and, in some parts, diversified. Everywhere are proofs of the highest cultivation, and of flourishing agriculture: wheat and barley predominant, scarcely any rye; potatoes and turnips of all kinds, in almost equal proportions; and not a little clover and pasture fields. The diversity, already mentioned, the charm of the country, principally arises from the circumstance, that the several divisions of the country (i.e. the fields), are by no means of the same size and shape, and extremely seldom long and narrow. Every field is inclosed with green hedges, and the trees are so numerous, scattered in such various groups over the fields and meadows, that England is not, indeed, the country in the world richest in forests, but, perhaps, the most abounding in trees. How dreary and monotonous are the treeless, hedgeless, roads of the celebrated Magdeburg, compared with this variegated landscape of inclosures, hedges, trees, corn-fields, and pastures! I do not exaggerate, but, on the contrary, am below the mark, when I assert, that we can overlook, on each side of the road, a five-fold length of verdant hedging: if, in a distance of 50 miles, 500 are planted with hedges, this is surely a proof of industry, capital, and an attention to elegance and beauty, which we do not always find united with them. We often boast of our avenues, but, instead of these long, tedious, uniform, prosaic, parallel lines, I here find the most manifold and charming diversity. I never could have supposed it possible, that such simple elements as tree and bush could produce as much variety as a kaleidoscope. What I see reminds me of some portions of the golden plains of Anhalt, in Lower Silesia, only that these highly cultivated plains are infinitely more extensive in England. The whole country has the appearance of an agricultural garden; and, though individual farmers and land-owners may, from a variety of causes, be in bad circumstances, yet the soil proves

a careful cultivation, and must bring them large returns.

The Englishman of rank has a greater regard to his comfort at his country house than in London; a rout in town can scarcely be so congenial to the mind, so comfortable, as the pleasures which nature here offers. This two-fold kind of life in town and country, united with the varied and peculiar activity, must have a beneficial influence on mind and body, and is altogether different to the hankering after summer villas, with which dull sort of poetry many among us endeavour to banish their mental tedium.

Early the next morning I saw, at Nottingham, the remains of the castle, finely situated on a rock, which had been burnt down by the populace. It may lead the English to humility, that if they are very little threatened with danger from without, it may manifest itself with double force and destructive power at home. No people is destitute of some internal seeds of depravity, but if their growth is not checked in this fortunate island, the guilt and the punishment would be doubly great. Momentary want of employment, too striking contrast between rich and poor, mistaken notions of the effects of machinery, excited the populace some years ago. But it was only the populace who were inflamed to madness, and the disorder passed over with the occasion, and by proper management. But what shall we say of the unhappy nation which, for five and forty years has been seeking for liberty in all directions, and by every means, only not by moderation, contentedness, and humility!

God knows the future destinies of France and England,—and not I, or any other man, because he reads the newspapers. Some persons point out resemblances between the two countries, but I will oppose them with differences, and hope to have the better of the argument. Richelieu said, "The French wanted a *plomb*, the English had, perhaps, too much; and this gigantic ship, which boldly traverses the ocean of history, still possesses so much genuine living ballast of mind and heart, that it will certainly not so easily upset and sink, because some political adventurers clamber up the mast, and, waving their colours, dream of an El Dorado, suspended between heaven and earth, where they would cast anchor."

In the course of my journey I looked around with the greatest attention for symptoms of decline; and saw here and there, perhaps, some broken window, or a garden gate off the hinges—but scarcely so often as a landscape painter wishes for such objects. On the whole, I beheld everywhere careful husbandry, order, improvements, new houses, neat gardens, &c. The smaller towns, doubtless, contain much suffering, but they, too, are evidently improving; when I see new gas works, new roads, and the streets watered to lay the dust, I have surely as much reason to infer general prosperity and comfort, as Cobbett had to prophecy the ruin of England, because he happened to meet with a dilapidated dog-kennel.

That we might give to our readers an early notice of a work so certain to interest them, we have procured an early copy from Germany, and translated for ourselves; but we have much pleasure in adding, that an English edition is announced by Mr. Murray, from the able pen of Mrs. Austin.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Humphry Davy Bart. By his Brother, John Davy, M.D. F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman & Co.

Five years since, appeared a 'Memoir of Sir Humphry Davy,' from the pen of Dr. Paris. The biographer intimated in his preface, that the task was undertaken with the permission of Lady Davy, who politely furnished information and materials. The work was not unwelcome: we have not heard that Lady Davy complained that it lowered her husband's character; but, his brother is of a different opinion, and, in the volumes before us, in many passages contradicts or corrects the earlier Memoir. Truth is assuredly an important matter, and much should be sacrificed in its cause; but, we cannot discover

that Dr. Paris has gone very far astray in his facts: we rather think, the chief complaint should be against the manner in which he has employed his materials, and a certain air of levity diffused over his narrative.

It was, however, partly for the purpose of correcting the biography by Dr. Paris, that the present Memoir was undertaken. "There appeared," says Dr. Davy, "to be much in it that was objectionable, many things which were incorrect, and that the general tone and tendency of it were to lower the character of my brother in public estimation: not, indeed, as a man of science and an original inquirer, but as a man and a philosopher; and to deliver his name to posterity with a sullied reputation, charged with faults which he would have indignantly repelled if living, and which it has become my duty, believing the charges to be unfounded, not to allow to pass unrefuted, now he is no more."—(Preface, p. 7.) Some of these new readings of the Life appear unimportant: others are of no public interest, and some bestow a graver air on circumstances which Dr. Paris, in his ambling way, had treated lightly. We forbear to detail these differences: the chief worth of the Memoir lies not in correcting small errors, but in the memoranda, scientific notes, original letters, now for the first time printed from the notebooks, journals, and manuscripts of Sir Humphry Davy. The Memoir is, in fact, rather a collection of materials arranged in chronological order, than a Biography calculated for posterity; but, in the eyes of many, it will be more welcome than a more condensed work. We have Sir Humphry here limned at full length as a man of science, a philosopher, a poet, and a gentleman; he is to be examined as a statue, which may be seen on all sides, rather than as a picture, which has but one point of view.

We knew Sir Humphry Davy: he was one of the most various and accomplished men of his time. In science he stood nearly without a rival; he was an elegant and observing writer; a poet of some powers, and his manners were graceful and winning. Of his merits in prose composition, Sir Walter Scott spoke with high commendation in his review of 'Salmonia.' "He was," says Southey, "an extraordinary man; he would have excelled in any department of art or science to which he directed the powers of his mind: he had all the elements of a poet, he only wanted the art—I have seen beautiful verses of his." Coleridge too, to whom he was recommended by his fondness for planning poems which he never finished, spoke with enthusiasm of his poetical genius. He differed from most of his scientific brethren in breadth of character, and also in the easy and courteous way of communicating the results of his experiments, and the fruits of his studies. He was, indeed, in almost all things, the opposite of those scientific bores, who, proud of some trivial discovery, seem giants in their own esteem, and talk contemptuously of all other pursuits. It was even more pleasant to go astray in speculation with him, than to go right with some others of his brethren; he led you by wizard streams, by fairy knolls, and through enchanted valleys, where you ate delicious fruits, and drank poetic draughts: with the others, you stumbled over rough crags and parched wildernesses, where no shelter was to be found, nor water equal to the thirst of a mouse. Poetry brightened his science, and enabled him to soften her severities, and render her acceptable to lovers of beauty as well as the followers of truth. His mind was not "bounded in its range to a stone-cast;" he was not one of those who bore holes in the earth with an auger, and lose their sight gazing into them: he had a heart, a soul, and a taste for all; nay, like the hero of his illustrious friend's song—he could,

Liester Salmon, make a shift
To shoot a mawkin in the drift.

In his youth he was fond of legendary stories, and skilful in rendering the classic poets into English verse. When scarce fifteen years old, he commenced that system of self-education, on which genius rears so many lasting monuments; at first, he was a student by fits and starts, or rather he divided his time among too many studies to make great progress in any; but before he was seventeen we find him laying out all his leisure on chemistry, physics, logic, and mathematics. He made memoranda of all on which he meditated; he wrote poems too, and planned romances, and, better still, before he was twenty composed those Essays on 'Heat and Light,' which announced that a new and original thinker had arisen. "I have," he said, in one of his boyish note-books, "neither riches, nor power, nor birth, to recommend me; yet, I trust, I shall not be of less service to mankind than if I had been born with these advantages." He had not long written these words, before he was elected Lecturer on Chemistry in the Royal Institution—and thereafter his course was in light. His earnest and enthusiastic manner, the brightness of his eyes, and the poetic beauty, yet scientific accuracy of his language, attracted listeners of all classes. "The Boy of Penzance," as some one scoffingly called him, for he was then not more than twenty-four years old, triumphed over much sinister augury; he made a high reputation, and not only kept, but widened it. But we have no wish, either to write his life or describe his inventions: he died much too early—not for his fame, but for his country, and must ever rank among the benefactors of mankind.

We have alluded to his memoranda: much of it is scientific, part of it is political, some is devotional, and there are many remarks on men and manners of the countries wherein he travelled. The following sketches have the merit of being brief; they were written in 1813:—

"Vauquelin was in the decline of life when I first saw him in 1813,—a man who gave me the idea of the French chemists of another age; belonging rather to the pharmaceutical laboratory than to the philosophical one: yet he lived in the Jardin du Roi. Nothing could be more singular than his manners, his life, and his ménage. Two old maiden ladies, the Mademoiselles de Fourcroy, sisters of the professor of that name, kept his house. I remember the first time that I entered it, I was ushered into a sort of bed-chamber, which likewise served as a drawing-room. One of these ladies was in bed, but employed in preparations for the kitchen; and was actually paring truffles. Vauquelin wished some immediately to be dressed for my breakfast, and I had some difficulty to prevent it. Nothing could be more extraordinary than the simplicity of his conversation;—he had not the slightest tact, and, even in the presence of young ladies, talked of subjects which, since the paradisaical times, never have been the objects of common conversation.

"Cuvier had even in his address and manner the character of a superior man;—much general power and eloquence in conversation, and a great variety of information on scientific as well as popular subjects. I should say of him, that he is the most distinguished man of talents I have known; but I doubt if he is entitled to the appellation of a man of genius.

"De Humboldt was one of the most agreeable men I have ever known; social, modest, full of intelligence, with facilities of every kind: almost too fluent in conversation. His travels display his spirit of enterprise. His works are monuments of the variety of his knowledge and resources.

"Gay Lussac was quick, lively, ingenious, and profound, with great activity of mind, and great facility of manipulation. I should place him at the head of the living chemists of France.

"Berthollet was a most amiable man; when the friend of Napoleon even, always good, conciliatory, and modest, frank and candid. He had no airs, and many graces. In every way below La Place in

intellectual powers, he appeared superior to him in moral qualities; Berthollet had no appearance of a man of genius, but one could not look on La Place's physiognomy without being convinced that he was a very extraordinary man.

"La Place, when a minister of Napoleon, was rather formal and grand in manner, with an air of protection rather than of courtesy. He spoke like a man not merely feeling his own power, but wishing that others should be immediately conscious of it. I have heard, from good authority, that he was exceedingly proud of his orders, and that he had the star of the order of Re-union affixed to his dressing-gown. This was in 1813. In 1820, when I saw him again, his master had fallen. His manners were altered. He was become mild and gentleman-like; and had a softer tone of voice, and more grace in the forms of salutation. I remember the first day I saw him, which was, I believe, in November, 1813. On my speaking to him of the atomic theory in chemistry, and expressing my belief that the science would ultimately be referred to mathematical laws, similar to those which he had so profoundly and successfully established with respect to the mechanical properties of matter, he treated my idea in a tone bordering on contempt, as if angry that any results in chemistry could, even in their future possibilities, be compared with his own labours. When I dined with him, in 1820, he discussed the same opinion with acumen and candour, and allowed all the merit of John Dalton. It is true our positions had changed. He was now amongst the old aristocracy of France, and was no longer the intellectual head of the new aristocracy; and, from a young and humble aspirant to chemical glory, I was about to be called, by the voice of my colleagues, to a chair which had been honoured by the last days of Newton."

"Sir Joseph Banks was a good-humoured and liberal man, free and various in conversational power, a tolerable botanist, and generally acquainted with natural history. He had not much reading, and no profound information. He was always ready to promote the objects of men of science; but he required to be regarded as a patron, and readily swallowed gross flattery. When he gave anecdotes of his voyages he was very entertaining and unaffected. A courtier in character, he was a warm friend to a good King. In his relations to the Royal Society he was too personal, and made his house a circle too like a court."

From his 'Salmonia,' passages, with all the feeling of a poet, and the eye of a painter, might be selected; they are in prose, a specimen in verse may be preferred:—

The Mediterranean Pine.

Montpelier, Jan. 14, 1814.

Thy hues are green as is the vernal tier,
Of those fair meads where Isis rolls along
Her silver floods. And not amongst the snows,
Nor on the hoary mountain's rugged crest,
Is thy abode; but on the gentle hill,
Amongst the rocks, and by the river's side,
Rises thy graceful and majestic form,
Companion of the olive and the vine,
And that Hesperian tree whose golden fruit
Demands the zephyr warmed by southern suns.
In winter thou art verdant as in spring,—
Unchangeable in beauty; and thy reign
Extends from Calpe to the Bosphorus.
Beneath thy shade the northern African
Seeks shelter from the sunshine; and the Greek
In Tempe's vale, forms from thy slender leaves
A shepherd's coronal. Fanes of the gods
Of Egypt and of Greece majestic rise
Amidst thy shades; and to the memory,
Oh lovely tree! thy resting places bring
All that is glorious in our history.—
The schools where Socrates and Plato taught,—
The rocks where Grecian freedom made her stand,—
The Roman virtue,—the Athenian art,—
The hills from which descended to mankind
The light of faith,—from which the shepherd gave
The oracles of heaven, and Israel saw
The sacrificial offering of her guilt,
The blood of the atonement, shed in vain,
When Salem fell, and her offending race
Were scatter'd as the dust upon the blast.

As we exhibited specimens of the Biography by Dr. Paris, it seems but fair that we should quote a passage or two from the 'Memoirs' of Dr. John Davy; we insert the description of the person of his eminent brother; it is perhaps a little too minute, but it brings Sir Humphry full before us:—

"He was of middle stature, about five feet seven

inches high; but appeared shorter, perhaps from the just proportions and symmetry of his make. His hands and feet were small, and his bones in general small; but his muscles were comparatively large, especially of the lower extremities, in consequence of which he was well adapted for those exercises and sports of the field and river in which he delighted. He could walk well, and bear fatigue for a long time; his arms and shoulders were, he used to say, less able than his legs; yet their strength was perfectly adequate to the management of the salmon rod, and the laborious amusement of salmon fishing; and there were few anglers who could throw the fly further on the water, or with greater steadiness and delicate precision; and he was quick in the use of his gun, and amongst good shots a very tolerable one, especially in that kind of shooting which requires an active hand and eye, as snipe shooting. His chest was well formed and rather ample, and his breathing perfectly good, and he was a good swimmer; yet in early life, as noticed by himself in his 'Researches,' his respiration was unusually rapid, twenty-six in the minute, which is about six above the average; people in health generally making twenty respirations in the minute. As he grew older this quickness of breathing diminished; and latterly I believe it was rather slower than is usual.

"His neck was rather long and slender: his head was rather small, its surface smooth and rounded, without any striking protuberances; the occipital part was small, the forehead ample and elevated, and very beautifully rising, wide and gently arched. His face was oval and rather small; but, owing to the expansion of forehead, not apparently so. His features were not perfectly regular; the nose aquiline, and broad at its base; the mouth rather large, the under lip prominent and full; the teeth not large but irregular; his eyes were light hazel, and well formed; his hair and eyebrows were also light brown; the latter were scanty, the former abundant, and very fine and glossy, with a tendency to curl. I remember once a gentleman speaking to me about it, and expressing his admiration of its quality, very much in the manner he might use in speaking of a lady's hair. His skin was delicate, and his complexion fair, with a good deal of colour. His countenance was very expressive, and responsive to the feelings of his mind; and when these were agreeable, it was eminently pleasing, I might say beautiful, for his smile was so; and his eyes were wonderfully bright, and seemed almost to emit a soft light when animated. His voice was full-toned and melodious, with something in it which impressed his hearers, and made it remembered; indeed, I have heard a lady, who resided in a distant part of the country, and who never saw him, remark, that she hardly ever remembered his name being mentioned without some notice of his voice being made. It was particularly well adapted to express feeling, that kind which was predominant in him,—the high and poetical,—and equally well adapted to convey tenderness and kindness. Without a musical ear, or a quick perception of the difference of sounds, he had studied its intonation carefully, and had so acquired a manner which a person with a fastidious taste for music might find fault with, and yet was very agreeable to a mixed audience. I recollect at the first anniversary dinner of the Royal Society, at which he appeared in his capacity of President, after the cloth was removed, and he had addressed the company in a speech which was extremely well received, the gentleman who sat next me (and who was not aware that I was his brother), turned to me and said, he was sure the President was not musical; that his voice was very fine, but it was deficient in just musical modulation. The person who made this remark was, I believe, an amateur musician, and a distinguished critic in the science of sounds. His senses generally were acute, and well fitted for active life, and the successful pursuit of physical science, in which they are the messengers of information, and unless quick and accurate, may retard and lead astray even the most correct and penetrating minds."

The world has now materials from which the character of Sir Humphrey Davy may be formed; to this work all future biographers must have recourse.

New Particulars regarding the Works of Shakespeare, in a Letter to the Rev. A. Dyce, B.A., from J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. Rodd.

For all new details connected with the name of Shakespeare, let them be collected as they may, and from whatever dark sources they may come, we are abundantly grateful. And we shall, therefore, not dwell upon the smallness of some of the discoveries here made, but select from our industrious hunter of old books such extracts as may, we think, be interesting to the great circle of worshippers of the immortal dramatic poet.

Six or seven years ago, Mr. Collier was at Oxford, searching for materials for his valuable 'History of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage.' Having heard of a MS. containing notes on the performance of some of Shakespeare's plays, by a person who saw them acted, he searched the Bodleian Library as thoroughly as the hunter of the Quorn hounds would draw a Leicestershire gorse cover. The Bodleian, however, was drawn a blank. A friend of Mr. Collier found, in the Ashmolean MSS., and gave the view-holloa to his fellow sportsman. The MS. proves to be, as the title quaintly expresses, 'The Booke of Plaies and Notes thereof, by Forman, for common Pollicie.' This Forman is the celebrated physician and astrologer, who was implicated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury:—

"Forman was implicated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, but he died in 1611, before the trial, the register of his burial in Lambeth churchyard being dated on the 12th of September, in that year. The last date in his 'Book of Plays,' is the 15th of May 1611, so that he was a frequenter of the theatres until a short period before his sudden decease in a boat on the Thames. He was notorious long before his connection with Lady Essex, and excited a vast deal of jealousy on the part of the regular medical practitioners of London, by giving unlicensed advice to the sick, as well as by casting nativities; but he was at length able to procure a degree from Cambridge, and I find him thus mentioned among 'the Physicians of London,' in a MS. in the possession of the late Mr. Heber, written early in the reign of James I.

Dr. Forman, in art a poor man,
You calculate nativities,
And by an Almanack out of date, tell a fool his fate
By the celestial privities.

Though to your great expense, you did commence
In the famous University,
Yet, by such a hap, as ass may wear a velvet cap,
And there's the true diversity.

"The words 'for common policy' in the title of Forman's 'Notes,' mean that he made these remarks upon plays he saw represented, because they afforded a useful lesson of prudence or 'policy' for the 'common' affairs of life. I do not understand how it happens that the dates of his 'Notes' are so irregular, but he begins with the 30th of April 1611, goes on to the 15th of May, in the same year, and ends with the 20th of April 1610."

The notes of Forman are not very important, as they are mere memoranda of the plot and characters in the bard's plays. The notice, however, of *Richard the Second* is interesting, as referring to characters not mentioned in the play, under that title, as it appears in the works of Shakespeare. A *Richard the Second* from another "eminent hand," is surmised to be the cause of this variation; but we certainly lean to the opinion, that there was a second part of *Richard the Second*, which has not yet been discovered; and the intelligent Mr. Amyot has given twelve ingenious reasons for supporting his conjecture on this point: for to him we are indebted for it.

We pass over the notices by Forman, of *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, *Macbeth*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Othello*, &c. We do not think the exact year of the performance for the first time, of either of these matchless plays, is very important;

it will be much more difficult to say when the last day of performance will arrive. We also pass over *Burbage*, the actor, as he was considered, of Shakespeare's characters. From the MS. collection of ballads, referred to in his former letter, Mr. Collier quotes the poem on *Othello*; his observations on it stray into amusing details:—

"The word 'Finis' was originally followed by the name of the author, which has been erased, so as to leave no trace, and you will admit at once, that such a ballad was worth owning by any of our poets who followed Shakespeare. In my letter to my friend Amyot, I hastily ventured an opinion that it might be the production of Thomas Jordan; but, on reconsideration, and comparing it with what I have already quoted from his pen, I cannot help thinking that it is much too good, and somewhat too old, for him, whose earliest tract (*Poetical Varieties*, containing elegies on two players, Gunnell and Honieman,) was printed in 1637. Burbage was of course dead, and it is certainly a mistake to assert that he began his course with *Othello*, although within the last few weeks I have found proof that *Othello* was written, not in 1604, according to Malone's Chronology, (Shakesp. by Boswell, iii. 401.) but certainly as early as 1602. In the month of August, of that year, it was played by the company usually performing at the Blackfriars theatre in the winter, and at the Globe in the spring, summer, and autumn.

"This important fact I learn from the detailed accounts preserved at Bridgewater House, in the handwriting of Sir Arthur Mainwaring, of the expenses incurred by Sir Thomas Egerton, afterwards Lord Ellesmere, in entertaining Queen Elizabeth and her Court for three days at Harefield. It is headed,

31^o July et 1^o et 2^o Augusti 1602, the Queenes
Majestie being at Harefield iij nights—

and it includes the following particulars among many others: the dates seem to refer to the time when the money was paid—

3 Aug. 1602.	Rewards to several offices in her Majesties house and to particular persons there	66 12 4
6 Aug. 1602.	Rewards to the Vaulters, Play- ers, and Dancers. Of this 10 <i>l</i> . to Burbidge's players for <i>Othello</i> ..	64 15 10
	Rewards to Mr. Lyllyes man which brought the Lottery-boxe to Harefield, per Mr. Andr. Leigh ..	0 10 0
20 Aug. 1602.	Paid more by me for Lotterys giftes, as by my booke and by bill also appeareth, being paid to Mr. Stewards	15 2 9

"No outlay seems to have been spared on this great occasion, and the three days' entertainment of the Queen, cost the Lord Keeper a sum considerably exceeding 10,000*l*. of our present money. What other companies of actors were employed, is not stated; but, as the whole sum for 'Vaulters, Players, and Dancers,' was 64*l*. 15*s*. 10*d*. (equal now to more than 300*l*.) of which, Burbidge's players, that is to say, the company of the Blackfriars and Globe, received 10*l*. (besides, perhaps, an allowance for travelling) it is possible that, on each of the three days of the Queen's stay at Harefield, different bodies of actors exhibited; but, if so, it is singular that only one play and one company should be specified."

We now come to the most interesting part of Mr. Collier's little volume:—

"There also exists a poetical relic, of which I am now about to speak, and which, although I believe it to be his, I have some hesitation in assigning to Shakespeare.

"It is subscribed W. Sh. as I read it, but there is a slight indentation in the middle of the last stroke of the letter *h*, which gives it something of the appearance of a *k*, but I take it to have been produced by a trifling want of firmness in the hand that held the pen. The main body of the production seems to me to bear a resemblance to the writing of Shakespeare, as we have it in the only extant specimens, although the signature is different. I have no doubt that Shakespeare wrote a good clear hand, such as that of the MS. in question, for in his *Hamlet* (Act v. Sc. 2, Caldecott's Edition) he ridicules the affectation of not writing plainly:

I sat me down;
Devis'd a new Commission; wrote it fair.
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair.—

Supposing the signature to be W. Sk. there is no known author of the time to whom such an abbreviation can apply; and the only contemporary poet whose initials accord with those of Shakespeare is Wentworth Smith, whose hand-writing occurs more than once in Henslowe's Diary: in the MS. to which I refer, we have the additional and distinctive letter *h*—not merely W. S., but W. Sh. The versification is certainly that of a practised writer, and it possesses as much merit as can well belong to a piece of the kind.

"From the MS., we may collect that hearts were hung as fruit upon an artificial tree, each lady of the company gathering one, and finding a poetical motto within, or upon it, applicable to the individual. In his remarks upon amusements of the kind, Flecknoe says, that 'all the wit and art is to contrive the lots as may best fit the qualities of every one,' and such was no doubt the object of Shakespeare in this instance. The paper has no date nor title, but runs *literatim* as follows:—

I. LA: DERBY.

As this ys endlesse, endlesse be your ioye;
Value the wish and not the wishers toye,
And for one blessinge past god sende youe seven,
And in the ende the endlesse ioyes of heaven.
Till then let this be all your crosse,
To have discomfort or your losse.

II. LA: HUNTINGDON.

Alas, your fortune shoulde be better;
Still must your servant be your detter;
Since nothing equals your desert,
Accept your servants faythfull hart.

III. LA: HUNSDON.

O, be not proud, though wyse and faire;
Beautie's but earth, wytt ys but ayre.
As youe art virtuous be not cruell,
Accept good will more then a Jewell.

IV. LA: BERCKLY.

Wyttye, prettie, vertuous and faire,
Compounded all of fyre and ayre,
Sweete, measure not my thoughts and mee
By goulden fruit from fruitles tree.

V. LA: STANHOPE.

O Philomela, fayre and wyse,
What meanes your friend to tyrinize,
And make you still complaine of wronge?
Henceforth his praise shalbe your songe,
Which none (but that youe) can singe so well,
When none his trewe Love shall excell.

VI. LA: COUMPTON.

What may be saide of youe and yours?
Youe are his ioye, yours he procures.
He doth your vertues much adore,
Youe reverence his as much, or more.
Drawe where youe list, for in this tree
Your fortune can not be better bee.

VII. LA: FIELDING.

Fye! Let it never make youe add,
Whether your chance be good or badd.
Yf your Love give but halff his heart,
The devill take the other part.

VIII. M^{rs} GRESLEY.

The fruit that is to earlie gotten,
In the eatinge may prove rotten.
If your Loves hart doe prove untrue,
The fals ys theirs that chose for youe.

IX. M^{rs} PACKINGTON.

In love asuredly be;
That sendes this poore pale hart to thee:
As ere you hope to be regarded,
Praise that his faythe may be rewarded.

X. M^{rs} K. FISCHER.

Whoe sayth thou art faire and wise,
This paper tells him that he lyes:
The worst thinge that I know by thee
Ys, that (I feare) thou'lost not mee.

XI. M^{rs} SAYCHOURRELL.

Although this hart false coloured bee,
Sweet fayre one, thinke not see of mee;
For hee that this poore token sendes
Was euer trewe to all his friends.

XII. M^{rs} M. FISCHER.

Good Lord, howe courteous I am growne
To give so many harts awaye!
But since that I have lost mye owne,
Yf I had twentie none shoulde staye.

XIII. M^{rs} DAVERS.

All evill Fortune hast thou myst.
Great is the vertue of the Amatist:
Yf (Amat iste) thou mayst saile,
Then blest ys such a wedding daie.

XIV. M^{rs} EGERTON.

What luck had youe to staye so longe.
Fortune (not I) hath done youe wronge;
The harts are gone without recall:
Woulde I had power to please you all!

W. Sh.

If Shakespeare wrote the above "mottos," he certainly did *not* put out even his *sonnet*.

strength. There is an interesting note, which brings in some lines more after *his* hand:—

"The Germans take a keen and active interest in all that respects Shakespeare, and the late English Professor at the University of Heidelberg communicated to me the following stanzas, written in a Common-place Book of the time, preserved in the Hamburg City Library. They are subscribed W. S., and are dated 1606, and I am told have been looked upon by Anglo-Germans as the production of Shakespeare.

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with love:
Mount, Love, unto the Moone in clearest night,
And say, as she doth in the heavens move,
In earth so wanes and waxeth my delight.
And whisper this but softly in her eares,
How oft doubt hanges the head and trust sheds teares!

And you my thoughts that seeme mistrust to carie,
If for mistrust my mistress you do blame,
Saie, though you alter yet you do not varie,
As she doth change, and yet remaine the same.
Distrust doth enter hartes, but not infect,
And love is sweetest season'd with suspect.

If shee for this with cloudes do mask her eyes,
And make the heavens dark with her disdain,
With windie sighes disperse them in the skyes,
Or with thy teares derobe them into rayne.

Thoughts, hopes, and love return to me no more,
Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

More important discoveries than the foregoing are, we trust, yet in store, perhaps for the careless fortunate, rather than the persevering man. We now and then read in the newspapers, of a few silver or even gold coins, turning up out of an old tea-pot, or shedding themselves from a decayed bedstead; and we will yet hope to see some fortunate youth stumble on a "mine of wealth," (to fly to the superlative phraseology of Mr. Robins.) in Shakespearian coin.

The Literary Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds; with a Memoir of the Author. By Henry William Beechey. 2 vols. Cadell.

LIKE our Celtic ancestors, we still heap up cairns, as shapeless and uncompact, over the remains of our great men—by-goner after by-goner contributing his bit of broken rock or rubbish to the same pile. Clanship and feud, it is true, kept the monument of old within reasonable dimensions, for enemies would pass empty-handed, bestowing merely a scowl or malediction; but, civilization having enlarged our modern souls, we, now-a-days, see foes unite with friends to rear an Ossa upon the breast of every departed hero. Nay, with so much unction do the former cast in stones, that the procedure less resembles entombment than lapidation. Such indeed it is,—a literary stoning; and thereto conspire all who have a grudge, as heartily as if demolishing a popular idol were fulfilling a command of the Pentateuch. Friends, themselves, are not seldom, in performance of the pious work, little better than Jews of the gate, and seem, by their hard hits, as if, instead of a monument, they too were making a martyr. Friends quotha! Rather call them Sabine contributors,—crushing the object of their munificence under the mass of their donations. Could a voice cry from the ground, many a groaning corpse would beseech them raise the barbarous pyramid no higher, but begone a-God's name, and let it slumber in peace. Vain supplication! were the sigh fervent enough to burst earth in a whirlwind, these benevolent busybodies would not be moved by it; they would construe it into thanksgiving, and heap on more materials. Such lot ever awaits the Chieftains of Mind!

But, notwithstanding all efforts of both parties,—do what they can to block up the spirit of genius within their ponderous accumulations,—to keep it, if they could, from its resurrection,—still it heaves off at times the load of unseemly matter that would obscure and oppress it, or rises through the mound like a glorious exhalation, to hover in the sphere between angels and men. Ay! the memory of the wicked shall rot,

but nevertheless rise too, as a noxious effluvia: were the Apennines upon it, yet would the horrid odour steam forth, and smell to heaven! Sow hemlock and nightshade, all the poisonous seeds you will, on the good man's grave, and they come up roses. Was Cromwell's Latin Secretary overwhelmed for ever by the layers of falsehood, defamation, and opprobrium, under which his enemies sought to keep him from walking in shadowy person among men? No; the giant shook off the mountain, and arose. Has the whole tribe of critics, commentators, abusers, and appraisers, been able to suffocate the genius of Shakespeare? Not even by sitting on it, with all their saddlebags of learned dust, an inquest of nightmares! He may be likened to the famous Cathedral with four thousand little images on its outside, which appear to set off the building, while they really but encumber it, and expose themselves. However, an inferior spirit may sink beneath what these great rebels to literary oppression heave away, as swans do the flood from their shoulders. That mass of misrepresentation and unworthy scorn flung by Johnson upon Milton, fell off, when he but turned the hip to it in his grave, like a thing of no weight or stability. Hercules ran away with Apollo's tripod, but the brutal hero, for all his strength, could not keep his spoil from the deity. Had our invincible Doctor chosen to rob his friend Reynolds of his good name, the latter might have found some difficulty in regaining it; for Reynolds, though strong in worth and genius, was no Samson to wrestle with such a Harapha. Johnson, indeed, professed himself at a loss where to find his infirm part, but other Philistines think they have discovered how he is assailable. To sustain him against these, one aim of the present work, steps forth Mr. Beechey: we think with less hardihood and conduct than so good a cause might have inspired.

The editor had done well to recollect that the onslaught against Sir Joshua was not made by a mouse; he should therefore have come armed for defence with something more trenchant than a bulrush. It is nurse-tender tactics to cross a cudgel with a distaff. We fully appreciate Mr. Beechey's motives, but a clever impeachment is not to be quashed by a milk-and-water apology. All artists, as well as Mr. Beechey, we know, feel deep offence at the last-published Life of Sir Joshua, as if it were rather his Death: wherefore has this honourable ire been murmured and squeaked in corners, when it should be voiced aloud? Why has a carpet-knight been deputed as champion to avenge the injustice, when Hotspur himself should to the field? One of their very best penmen should have been antagonist biographer. Is it that the exercise of the pencil can be so much *dearer* to them? We are of opinion that this reserve of the Royal Academicians amounts to positive dereliction of duty. When none will appear to defend a sepulchre in the eyes of all so venerable, there must be a wonderful lack of prowess among the knights of St. Luke. Instead of a *Cœur-de-Lion*, we are fobbed off with a Robert Faulconbridge!

The pedestal of Reynolds is one of our national altars. Every true Englishman should hurry forth to protect it, hand and heart. But, besides that common devoir, we ourselves, from an especial love of Art, feel a call upon us to defend, as far as we can, the first of all modern painters. We do not here propose, however, to write a new *Life* *versus* the offensive one, having neither opportunities nor powers; but merely to furnish a few hints for some better biographer than Mr. Beechey or ourselves, wherewith he might be enabled to reverse the attainer unjustly passed, after death, on one of our British peers by the patent of God.—Without farther preamble, let us to our purpose.

In compiling memoirs, we look upon it as unwarrantable to pronounce opinions, or declare impressions, without stating facts, or producing documents, substantial and conclusive. This act of justice becomes doubly imperative when the compiler's opinions or impressions happen to be against his unhappy hero; and still more essential when, from the popular nature of his work, it is likely to influence the millions who read with their chief eye shut—the eye of their mind. Precisely such a popular little work as we speak of is the *Life* aforesaid, which has given, by means of its wide dissemination, a tone almost as dark as the frown of Hatred herself, to the public aspect towards Sir Joshua Reynolds. Has it done so on sufficient grounds? From the first page to the last we feel, in touching upon the subject of that memoir, as if we were handling a snake. He is not, indeed, represented as one of the poisonous species; but cold-blooded, sly, double-tongued, insinuating, and smooth—nay, treacherously given to strangle in his coils what he feared competition with openly. Some of these qualities, to be sure, are called by other names, and they are not all accumulated at once into the character we have drawn: but they are implied too plainly for misconception, though softened in terms, and spread out through the memoir from pure compassion. Well, where now be the facts and documents to establish this summary? Of course they do not exist only in the moon, or a poetic imagination: so where be they at last? Why, for aught we can see, in the evidence of a "servant," who describes Sir Joshua as a parsimonious housekeeper, hard taskmaster, extorter of obedience, &c.; and, in "public opinion," which set him down as "close, cold, cautious, and sordid." One would think that some testimony, a little more disinterested than that of a malcontent menial, a little more circumspect than that of the many-headed scandal-monger, were requisite. Yes: there is a note also, which says, that the memoir was written "from the information of one who lived on intimate terms with Reynolds during the last ten years of his life." What! the period of old age, when tempers roughen, and blood freezes, and hearts shut up, made the standard for a whole existence! Alas, if it is to be thus, we fear many tall characters would cut down to miserable proportions—

From Marlboro's eyes the streams of dotage flow!

How much better are most sexagenarian bachelors than so many hedgehogs, rolled up in themselves, thorny without, and torpid within?

But, let us ask, who is the informer above-said? Another servant? A painter, or the partisan of a painter? At a word, any one peculiarly liable to prejudice, invidious feeling, or ignorant error?—Until this query be given an undeniable negative, the information obtained can be held no proof whatever, but a mere persuasion embraced by the biographer.

It is true Sir Joshua has not been depicted as an Iscariot or a Charteris, a cut-throat, nor even a cut-purse; so far from this, he is allowed the praise of extreme respectability, and so forth. But this very extreme respectability becomes damning evidence of his pitiful character! Had he got into the Fleet for non-payment of debt, or into the newspapers for pinking a brother rake-hell, it would have saved his reputation. Now, we admit, we readily admit, that prudence, caution, circumspection, all those minor virtues which make up a respectable member of society, call for no powers of blazon from the biographer: but do they call on him for a brand? Respectability was, at the era of Reynolds, in quite different odour from its present: during that age of common sense, it stood as high with the public as a noble neglect of all the proprieties has

stood for some time. There had been then no poet lord to give a sort of profane consecration to indecours, or render transgressions of the decalogue so essential to a romantic character. Some dozen years devoted to interesting immoralities is now a recommendation; and the fault which has drawn down upon Reynolds this charge of cold-heartedness, appears to have been, that he did not misconduct himself, as every man of spirit should do. His sin was, keeping out of the watchhouse, and wearing whole coats. Had he come down to us as a fantastic tatterdemalion like Barry, spending his precious hours in vulgar squabbles, and his spare moments in his art, he would perhaps be proclaimed at the market-cross of criticism, a fine enthusiast, an ethereal creature, that supped rainbow and ate the aroma of flowers. Strange! that people will never understand real enthusiasm to partake more of a still intensity and concentration of soul, than fitfulness and flightiness of spirit.

Not the least curious circumstance about the *Life* we advert to is, that its author, far from producing facts or documents whereon to found his unfriendly opinion, produces one after another, several which directly contradict it. Here the intellectual satyr, Johnson, congratulates Sir Joshua upon his recovery from sickness, as "the only man whom he could call a friend." Yet we must recollect friends are no drug in society! Here the undissembling Goldsmith inscribes his "Deserted Village" to Sir Joshua, as a substitute for his dead brother, whom only he had ever honoured with a dedication besides, forasmuch as he "loved him better than most other men." Here, in enthusiasm for Pope, the "cold and sordid" purchases, at thirty guineas, Martha Blount's *fan*, a present to her from the poet. Here, in idolatry of Titian, the "close and cautious" exclaims that to possess a picture by him, he would "willingly ruin himself." Here he pays his emulator and envier, Gainsborough, a hundred guineas for a picture instead of the sixty demanded. Here he offers one of his houses to an artist who wanted a studio. Here he forgives a debt of thirty pounds, on mere request, which but few friends, even in death, would dare to make, and fewer still, of Mammon's kidney, concede. Here he bestows on a young, foreign, and friendless artist, fifty guineas. Here he offers his "valuable collection of pictures, at a very low price, to the Royal Academy." Here he sets up (the "cold and cautious," as our biographer calls him) a too handsome equipage. Everywhere we find his bounteous table and frequent hospitality noticed. All these acts of munificence the biographer ingenuously records: but more—he himself, in various places, allows that, with regard to the indigent guests, Sir Joshua "often aided them with his purse, nor insisted on repayment;" that he "aided largely in the monument" to Goldsmith; that he "dissuaded to interfere with the brief summer of Madame Lebrun," a paintress. Yet, in the very teeth of these admissions, and without quoting one fact of a contrary nature, the biographer stigmatizes Reynolds, substantially, if not explicitly, as a mere worldling—applies to his character throughout the hateful adjectives, cold, cautious, circumspect, courtly, careful, &c.; in short, by a perpetual use of these small, but sapping epithets, undoes the whole weight of what he had adduced to his credit; and leaves the reader with an impression, that, for all the benevolent acts and kind testimonies he has perused, Sir Joshua Reynolds was rather a hard-handed, hollow-hearted man!

Now we by no means wish to set up Sir Joshua in the attractive light of a prodigal—or contend for his golden heart ever melting in the internal fire of philanthropy; we admit him over-prudent, parsimonious, though far more

capable than such a character often is, of friendly, compassionate, liberal, munificent actions. But was not Pope a "paper-saver," who translated the *Iliad* upon backs of letters? Did not philosopher Newton live ninety years with no larger establishment than a cook-maid and a cat, scrape together (*adhuc sublimia curans!*) something more solid than bits of moonshine, and die at last with his head on a money-bag of the Mint, stuffed with tens of thousands of pounds? Yet what biographer dwells longer than the time of a sigh upon such marks of poor mortality? Money-loving men have gone by hundreds to their graves before this, without holes being picked in their shrouds on account of their economy; is Sir Joshua Reynolds to be dug up and exhibited, an object of general loathing, because he redeemed that pettiness of mind by making the British School of Art immortal? Here's a civic crown for serving your country!

It is probable, indeed, that the biographer did not mean his words to have this effect. By stating the above facts, so much to the honour of his subject, he appears at pains to be impartial. But that he wrote under a fatal prepossession against Sir Joshua is manifest, from the singular way in which he follows up, every now and then, a favourable item; viz. by an inference or remark exactly of an opposite nature to what the fact would establish. Thus we are told that death prevented an early adviser from receiving of Sir Joshua a silver cup in token of gratitude; whence, concludes the biographer, he had "the honour of the intention and the use of the cup—a twofold advantage of which he was not insensible." Again, we hear that Johnson was a frequent and welcome guest at his table; but—"he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines." Sir Joshua kept a plentiful board: but then, he was "indifferent about the active distribution of his wines and venison." Humanity and tolerance he commonly evinced; why?—because he could "afford" to commend and aid the timid and needy. He had formed a deep and durable friendship with Johnson—whether from admiration of what he *wanted* himself, or to *profit* by his wisdom and wit, the biographer does not know, any purer motive being inferred as out of the question. Various other examples of the same spirit occur through the memoir, but are too entangled with the text for quotation. If, then, a man's reputation is at the mercy of suggestion and innuendo, whose shall be safe? The moralist Johnson, at his last hour, tells a friend to pay Faden a guinea he borrowed *thirty years before* of his father. Shall Johnson's biographer impute this tardy integrity to deathbed remorse and terror of the approaching tribunal? There is a still unrefuted charge of the most diabolical complexion against Barry; hats exchanged with a friend to mark him out for a stiletto meant for himself; unrefuted do we say,—ay, and quoted from the mouth of that very friend—Nollekens. But what biographer, with a drop of blood warming a vessel of his heart would hereupon prick down Barry traitor and assassin prepen? Does the biographer of Reynolds? No; he indignantly scouts the charge, and, by an amicable gloss, transforms a premeditated murder into a "practical joke." Would he had been as protectively disposed towards a greater genius, a nobler benefactor of his country, and a far better man!

We have said that Reynolds has been characterized as still worse than worldly-minded, frigid, and penurious—one who would perfidiously put a competitor to professional death. We can look upon the impeachment as nothing less than this. To this point converge all those insinuations and open assertions about his recommending

the grand style preferably to the ornamental—crying up historic composition, while making himself five guineas per hour by manufacture of faces—turning Barry to the great masters as models, lest he might divide, as a portrait-painter, fame and opulence with himself—concealing the methods which made him a colourist, and discountenancing all attempts to imitate or evolve them. Now we grant that to a certain extent this latter position, and the charge it implies, may be true, though much might be said to weaken it. Reynolds may have been jealous, and unwilling to share his glory or gain with others. But was not Barry (the child of feeling) himself jealous, *envious*? Was not Johnson (the lay-preacher)? Was not Goldsmith (the daisy of open-hearted innocence)? Was not Michaelangelo, Titian, almost every tenth member of mankind, beside the Devil's nine-tithes of the remainder? We protest against this blemish, which mortals have nearly as common as their clay, being specialized as a "damned spot" upon Reynolds's heart, without more, much more, foundation than we find in the said memoir. As to the other proofs, the biographer should have reflected that Reynolds could inculcate no other principles than those he did, unless he were either a foolish or a false teacher; that the grand style and the great masters are to be studied principally and perpetually, as the best means to succeed most throughout all the orbits of painting, from the highest to the lowest; and that, therefore, from this part of his conduct at least, no evidence can be drawn but in favour of his deep knowledge and admirable taste, his enthusiasm, his sincere wish to aggrandize art, to make supreme artists, and his magnanimity which taught him to degrade, into its proper place, a system whence he had derived all his own renown. Why he himself did not follow his own precepts is Cheapside talk; he could not, from want of early initiation into design, and of historical genius. This, the biographer states as a fair and sufficient cause; wherefore seek a superfluous and dishonourable?

Appropos of the anecdote to nail rapacity upon Reynolds, that he refused historical commissions because, from his own acknowledgment, "they cost him too dear"—appropos of this, let us put a simple interrogatory. How many historical pictures did *Lawrence* undertake? Sir Joshua painted some dozen at least: Sir Thomas painted—the *Devil*, and no more. Yet Sir Joshua is to be figured to us as a harpy all claws, and Sir Thomas a perfect cock of Esop, that despised all the ore he scratched up! Certes, devotion to portraiture, if any proof at all, would prove Lawrence the greater mercenary of the two. But let us farther inquire: who are these painters, ay, or these poets either (clean-fingered spiritualities!) that make such magnanimous sacrifices? Which of us is it, that, having fallen upon a golden vein, gives it up to strive and starve through the blackberry path to renown? Sir Walter Scott?—Was he content to feed upon the hips and haws that minstrel life would have afforded him, after he had found the way to gather apples of the Hesperides? Where shall we look for that pearl of disinterested purity who dedicates himself to the grand, deserting the gainful? Is it you—or you—or you?—

Let the humiliating fact be declared: he alone despises gold who cannot get it.

Reynolds's running character is the "cold and cautious." Could his memorialist find no proof of fervency in his enthusiasm for Michaelangelo—in his boyish lunge through a crowd to touch the hand of Pope—in the luxuriation of his mind among the delights of colouring, in the very Sybarism of his florid style, and his rapturous devotion to his art? No proof of warm-hearted-

ness in his extreme love to children? or his roaming, when nearly blind, about Leicester Fields for hours, in vain search for the little bird that had left him? Yes; both fervency of spirit and warmth of heart are conceded him at several points of the detail, to be qualified down to freezing point on the summation of his character. The single fact brought forward seeming to sustain the charge of insensibility against Reynolds, is that of his presence at the execution of Thrale's servant. We should like to hear more particulars of the fact than are to be found in the memoir. Incongruence of a like kind appears throughout the memoir,—conscientiousness obliging the writer to affirm now, what antipathy makes him negative next moment. Thus, in the first paragraph, pride is attributed to Sir Joshua, pretensions to share the mantle of Michaelangelo (its hem, we suppose, which he wore as a phylactery!)—and humbleness given him elsewhere. At one time he is described as polite, without meanness; at another, as adulative, and servilely complaisant. For a brief moment we are to believe that he possessed many "noble qualities," but, on the whole, we are to understand that he possessed none save the petty ones.

Surely a feeling for art, if nothing else, might have dictated kinder treatment of the sole modern painter who can be said to class us with the ancients—more admiration of his merits, more tenderness to his faults? But general principles are chiefly our object; and we feel in this paper not so much anxious to whitewash Reynolds as to establish just maxims of biography. One, we affirm, should be, to put, if we have choice, rather a favourable interpretation than otherwise, on the deeds and words of him who cannot defend himself, unless facts or documents forbid; else, biography will, as above-mentioned, resemble stoning the dead. And these two considerations will, perhaps, weigh with the writer of memoirs: first, that he can never be so sure of doing the world a service by unfavourable interpretations, as the departed an injury; second, that he, too, may need a *biographer*. Notwithstanding all this, we hold truth to have the sovereign 'st claims upon conscience; we are not for mealy-mouthed criticism, in censure or in praise, but like an out-speaker in both. Better that the virus of aversion should be spit from the heart, than stay there to darken the blood. It is possible there may be some facts or documents of which we are not aware, which legitimate the sentence against Reynolds, and the impression of his memorialist. If so, let them be produced, and we will abide the result. If not, let us have another Life of Reynolds from him who exhibited so much kindness of spirit and feeling in the beautifully pathetic memoir of Blake.

To conclude: Something like the above grounds of defence, Mr. Beechey, we think, should have taken in his memoir; and we recommend them, or at least a Defence more strenuous than his, as indispensable to any Life of Reynolds that can now expect public patronage. Let it be temperate, not timid.

We, too, perhaps, are prejudiced, and feel more offence as dilettantes than we have any right to feel, unless we were artists. But a sense of duty and justice, we hope, has alone been our prompter. Any personal motives cannot have actuated us in our opinion of the memoir impugned; for its author is a man whom we love, honour, and esteem. Nay, our censure of his work lends, and will lend, a double weight to the praise we have often bestowed, and must have to bestow, upon his other publications. Even here we have as little misdoubted his intentions as his talents; disgust at what he conceived a selfish, a servile, and a sordid cha-

racter, made him describe it as such, honestly, though, we think, erroneously.

To his biography, instead of Mr. Beechey's, we have principally confined ourselves, for a simple reason: the importance of the former, and insignificance of the latter. Mr. Beechey's "Life," however, is but a fourth part of his whole publication, and to the remainder we shall do justice in a succeeding article, if we can; as well as to that portion of his memoir which concerns itself with Sir Joshua's "Literary Works," and therefore belongs, by right, to the division where they are collected.

Memoirs of Don Manuel de Godoy, Prince of the Peace, &c. Written by Himself. Edited, under the superintendence of his Highness, by Lieut.-Col. J. B. D'Esménard. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

ALL who were led to expect the revelation of important state secrets, and the solving of court mysteries, from this publication, will be sadly disappointed. It is a mere dull lumbering apology for Godoy's administration, written in a style which renders the poverty of information more conspicuous, and translated *regis ad exemplar*, that is to say, in all the bombast of the original. We suppose, that the work is to be received as genuine: it is, indeed, just what might be expected from the garrulous old age of such a man.

Godoy, personally beneath contempt, here stands before us as the representative of a party, not wanting in strength, in the Spanish Peninsula and some other parts of the Continent, who have never forgotten, and never will forget, that, since the days of Elizabeth, England has been the hope and stay of progressive civilization throughout Europe; that, during nearly three centuries, it never had an administration that dared openly to wage war against freedom; and that in the worst days of Charles II., or any other era that may be pointed out as an exception, statesmen were compelled to veil their hostility to freedom under some plausible pretext or other. Hence arises the dislike with which the court-minions of every despotic faction throughout Europe regard the English people; and hence it is that such a creature as Godoy dares question the policy of England, and hint or state roundly that our expeditions to Toulon, Quiberon, &c. were diversions in other than the military sense, averring, that their folly diverted Europe from one end to the other.

If Godoy designed these Memoirs as a vindication, he has, in some respects, succeeded; but the best that can be said of him is, that he was weak by nature, and wicked by the accidents of position. He was such a minion as could only have been raised to power in Spain, and in Spain only in the depth of her degradation, under Charles IV., when the government was an anomalous compound of effete despotism and effete feudalism. We shall run lightly over some features of this self-drawn portrait.

Godoy begins by apologizing for having so long delayed this vindication of his character, and ascribes his submission to unmerited calumny, to delicacy! He respected too highly the honour of Charles IV. to publish an account that would bring odium on his son Ferdinand! And, as if this excuse was not a sufficient tax on credulity, the translator favours us with a note, extolling the magnanimity and devotedness of such conduct!

The Prince of the Peace next cursorily details his birth, parentage, and education. Over the circumstances that led to his elevation, he throws a discreet veil:—

"As to the private motives which induced the king to place in my hands the reins of government, and to grant me his full confidence, an impartial and

conscientious historian, though at a loss for the exact clue to unravel this mystery, would abstain nevertheless from adopting reports as vulgar as they are equivocal in their nature, as the means of explaining so grave a determination on the part of a monarch who was neither devoid of instruction, of good sense, nor of a certain degree of experience."

According to Godoy's account, the vacillating policy of Spain, during the early period of the French Revolution, was the result of consummate wisdom, and this he tries to prove, not by stating the principles and course of that policy, but by garbled extracts from ordinary histories and common pamphlets—for, to his other qualifications, he adds that of an industrious book-maker, after the most approved taste of the paste-and-scissors school. His best excuse for hurrying Spain into the war with France is, that he believed in the reality of the re-action which was said to have taken place in the minds of Frenchmen after the execution of the king, and that the principal statesmen of Europe shared in the same delusion. In the same spirit, he consoles himself for the calamities of the war that followed, by showing that the other allied powers suffered more than Spain, and that most of them purchased peace by greater sacrifices.

This unsuccessful war was terminated by the peace, from which Godoy took his title: he endeavours to show that the conditions were not disgraceful. Finally, he declares, that a republican party existed in Spain, which, though small in number, might, if aided by the progress of the French army, have subverted the altar and throne.

"The public mind was in a state of ferment; clandestine projects were even meditated and planned; in June 1795, an intercepted correspondence apprised the government that the French were not wholly unsuccessful in their efforts at making proselytes on many important points; the first indications soon assumed the character of positive proofs. Secret juntas were discovered, which were engaged in forming democratic plans; all aimed at the same object, though each had its own favourite system. They debated as to the adoption of a single Iberian republic, or of as many republics as there were provinces. Opinions only differed on those two questions. The French, for the better attainment of their object, recommended a subdivision into federal states. One of these juntas, the most active of all, held its meetings at a convent, and the principal members of the club were monks. The contagion was gaining ground. When the French threatened to cross the Ebro, the secret society of Burgos had already prepared to send a deputation for the purpose of fraternising with them. . . . In Madrid itself, young men belonging to distinguished families had the boldness to present themselves with caps of liberty at one of the principal theatres; ladies of the highest nobility affected to appear in public adorned with tricoloured ribbons."

It was generally suspected at the time, that the pretended moderation of France, at the treaty of Bâle, was purchased by the promised aid of the Spanish fleet in the war against England. Godoy informs us, that the English ministers left no means untried to break the treaty.

"How can I describe the new struggle I had to carry on with the British cabinet? It insisted on our again plunging into the embarrassments of a fatal war, in which other states had embarked. Promises, threats, flattery, insults, supplications, intrigues, all kinds of attempts and allurements,—gold, in short, in as great abundance as I might demand,—nothing was left untried; the most persevering efforts were made to deprive us of a peace inoffensive to all the belligerent powers."

He next enumerates the causes which, he says, led Spain to join the French republic, against her ancient ally; and the virtuous indignation he exhibits against English perfidy is amusing:—

"Unquestionably the complaints of Spain were

not vain subtleties, or pretences invented in order to break off with England. How many insults did we not endure without remonstrance? How many acts of ingratitude and treachery had we not to complain of, even at a time when we were her allies? The expedition to Toulon, the deplorable result of which is so well known, and which, had it been properly directed and supported in accordance with the plan originally adopted, would have altered the aspect of affairs, at least in the south of France; that expedition alone, I repeat it, furnished a sufficient ground for breaking off with England. Spain, assuredly, would never have taken part in it for the object of setting fire to a harbour and ransacking the arsenals of the French navy. We suffered as much as France by this proceeding; our honour was compromised; Castilian loyalty had to blush at an act of infamy in which she appeared to be an accomplice."

It is unnecessary to follow him through his laboured invectives against England, or his attempts to diminish the importance of the victory off Cape St. Vincent; every history of the period, French as well as Spanish, contains full proof, that, during this war, the Spanish commerce was all but annihilated, and the intercourse between Spain and her American colonies completely stopped.

In 1798 Godoy ostensibly resigned all his employments, and ostensibly retired from office, and he thus complacently sums up the result of his administration:—

"I almost regenerated Spain, without tumult or confusion; by degrees—at a slow pace, it is true, nevertheless, at a sure one. I prepared all the means of success; I created others; I neglected none that were in existence. It was in this progressive state that I left Spain when I resigned the ministry. She was free from revolutions, respected by France; sciences, arts, and literature, were flourishing; agriculture was making wonderful strides; the great Spanish family of both hemispheres indulged the hope of a happy future, and cherished all the virtues which constitute the glory and the prosperity of nations. Nothing can tear from me these recollections, which, to this day, console my solitary old age."

One half of the second volume is occupied by an enumeration of Godoy's services to literature and the arts. Galiano contrived to do so in a single column; and to the *Athenæum* for 1834, p. 291, we refer our readers.

The Memoirs come down only to the close of the last century, and we have yet to learn what defence Godoy will make for his intrigues with Napoleon, for his striving to obtain the principality of Algarves, for the invitation to French troops to enter Spain, and for the general wickedness and folly which ended in the tumult at Aranjuez.

There is sufficient weakness in this production to make us willing to receive it as the genuine work of Godoy, but there are some suspicious traces of that manufacture-school which now forms so important a branch of French literary industry. The long quotations from Lacretelle and Thiers, the rare reference to any Spanish authorities which have not been translated, and the absence of all anecdote respecting the Spanish court or courtiers, are circumstances by no means calculated to insure credit to these volumes. But, genuine or not, they are utterly worthless.

Edith of Glamis. By Cuthbert Clutterbuck. 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

Our novelists, as well as our poets, are, generally, great borrowers; some borrow, as Warburton remarked, from wealth, others from poverty, and there are not a few who may be called unconscious borrowers. The author of 'Edith of Glamis' is a wilful borrower, it is part of his system: he is, in a manner, obliged to do it, that he may carry through his work in

the spirit of its conception. It has been the writer's pleasure to call the illustrious Clutterbuck of Kennaquhair from the dust, to father his figments, and, having once opened the lips of that worthy, he was compelled to colour his speech, and shape the characters which he drew after the manner of the Author of Waverley. This we consider to be a great error; for who, of all living writers, may hope to rival Sir Walter Scott in vivid narrative and delineation of character? Besides the comparison which it provokes, and cannot sustain, it forces upon the author many matters which he would, otherwise, perhaps, reject, and compels him to think oftener of the author whom he has to mimic, than the story which he has to tell. We are of opinion, that no borrower can be justified unless he improves or amends what he takes: but then, as soon as he excels his original in spirit and in beauty, he ceases to be a borrower, and takes his place amongst creative minds. Shakespeare in the drama, and Burns in song, are greater improvers than they are borrowers; they borrowed, but as a gardener does a crab-stock, to infuse a better nature into it, and render it, at once, productive and beautiful.

We regret that the author of 'Edith of Glamis' has entered at all the ranks of the imitators: he has displayed, when he forgot that his name was Clutterbuck, original merits sufficient to have obtained thrice the number of readers his present work is likely to attract; not but that he will find an audience, for the very oddity of his choosing to dance in fetters, will insure this. Nor has he fettered himself in incident and manner alone: he has done the same in several of the characters, for on Jasper Jenkins he has bestowed all the military pedantry and formal manners of Dugald Dalgetty; and has not the daughter of old Polwarth with her dwarf son, a close resemblance, in all things, to Norma of the Fitful Head and her Drow or page? There are other resemblances on which we shall not insist; we only wish that the accomplished monarch, James V., had been delineated more in the spirit of history when he sat at the council table—his tradititious character is limited to the life, and seems quite as real as that of his grandson in the Fortunes of Nigel. Some of the other characters are entitled to be called original: of these Catherine Howard, queen of England, and young Percy Douglas, are the happiest, though we are not sure that the author has any other authority but the accusation of her husband, for ascribing loose manners to that unhappy princess after she became queen of England.

We have already intimated the time and country of the tale; the fiction relates the fortunes of Edith, the only child of the beautiful Lady Glamis, burned in Scotland for witchcraft: she sees her mother destroyed by false (it could not be real) testimony—her father perish in an attempt to escape from the Castle of Edinburgh, where he was a prisoner—and her land and hand sought by a relative who had largely aided in the desolation of her house. In truth, she seems beset by toils; too strong to be broken; but, in breaking through obstructions, authors have the strength of Samson. Love for Edith's name, and love for her person, induce Verna Polwarth and Sir Percy Douglas to befriend her, while good fortune sends to her help James, king of Scotland, and Henry, king of England—and one still more necessary, namely, a dwarf, who comes to the aid of author and heroine, and enables the former to bring his work to an end with much ease to himself, and the latter to get rid, for ever, of her infamous suitor, and give her hand, as well as her heart, to her heroic cousin, Sir Percy Douglas.

The story moves at will from Scotland to

England, and thus enables the author to give variety of manners and character, and to paint scenes from inanimate nature, in which he has both taste and skill. He appears well acquainted with both countries, and to be familiar with various grades of society; in one scene we are introduced to a set of maritime desperadoes whose conduct has all the daringness and carelessness of the children of Neptune, and their speech a sort of salt-sea savour, like the spray of the ocean. We cannot find a piece of the scene sufficiently portable for our pages; and we are the less concerned at this, since we see we have marked a passage for extract in which that merry monarch, James V., poet and legislator, performs the part assigned to him in his own inimitable ballad of the Jolly Beggar; even of this, however, we can insert but a portion:—

"The unexpected apparition of Sir Percy and his attendant created no alarm in the breasts of any of the inmates of the cottage. These were three in number—an elderly and a youthful female, and a man in the garb of a bedesman or beggar, although apparently still in the prime and vigour of life. He was perhaps the only figure of the three that would have attracted attention: for although the maiden was passing fair, she was of that species of buxom beauty that might please a country wooer, yet could scarcely be expected to find favour in the eyes of one accustomed to move in the higher ranks of life. But in the beggar there was something that irresistibly attracted attention. It was not in his dress, for that was common enough. A blue gown, buckled round the waist, with russet hose, and brodies or half-boots, formed the sum total of his visible equipments; for his bonnet and his mealbags were for the present thrown aside. Nor was it the beauty of his appearance, for his shock head of sandy-coloured hair, and so much of a deeply sun-burnt visage as could be seen from underneath the covering of a huge black patch that concealed his left eye and a considerable portion of his cheek, spoke of any thing but grace. But there was about him that free, bold, gallant, reckless bearing, that bespeaks an innate consciousness of superiority, and of course commands a suitable degree of the beholder's confidence and respect.

"'Welcome! welcome, friends!' shouted the beggar, in a joyous tone, as Sir Percy and his attendant entered; 'welcome! welcome! Sit ye down, and the best of reaming ale and fried cates shall be your's—

The pawky auld carle came over the lee
Wi' mony good-eens and days to me,
Saying, guidwife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly poor man, O!

"'By my troth, friend,' exclaimed the elderly female, 'but ye are free o' ither folk's hallans.'

"But the beggar's answer was still song—

I woe, quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be,
And I wad never think lang, O!

"'Eh, my bonny Jean, what say you?—

He grew canty, and she grew fain,
But little did her auld minnie ken
What thir sleet twa together were say'n,
When wooing they were sae thrang, O!

and the beggar imprinted a kiss upon the cheeks of the noways unwilling Jean, that echoed again from the walls of the hut.

"'De'il be on me, that I should say sic a word,' exclaimed the other female, 'if the ne'er-do-weel's no kissing my dochter afore my face! Ye shall out o' the house an ye hadna' an hour to live. O'd an' I get at ye!' and the old woman strode across to the spot where the mendicant and her daughter sat; but the jolly beggar was on his legs in an instant, and ere she was aware of his intention, he caught her round the neck, and kissed her from ear to ear, and then seizing her by the hands, forced her to dance and caper throughout the whole hut, singing all the time with might and main—

And Oh! quo' he, an' ye were as black
As ever the crown of your daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou sould gang, O!
And O! quo' she, and I were as white
As ever the snaw lay on the dyke,
I'd claid me braw and lady like,
And awa' wi' thee I wad gang, O!

till the exhausted old woman was forced to cry aloud for mercy.

"Sir Percy, meanwhile, had been nearly convulsed with laughter at the scene, while Jasper Jenkins, being fully occupied with his devotions to the black jack, and 'condiments conform,' as he termed them, merely raised his head once or twice, and muttered some unintelligible words about the freaks and pastimes of the hellicate emperor and his crew.

"'Awcel, awcel,' exclaimed the beggar, resuming his seat by the side of the buxom Jean, 'it's lang since I had sic a dance.—Eh, granny, how's a' wi' your auld banes?'

"'O'd,' said the somewhat mollified old woman, 'an ye but sit still, I'se no fash ye mair.'

"'A bargain, by my troth, granny!' cried the beggar; 'and I tak' my young friend—I crave his honour's pardon—this young knight here, and my friend in the iron shell, to be witnesses. But what say you, my bonny Jean, eh? will ye ratify the compact, ye slut, and tak' me upon liking?'

"'Na! na!' said Jean, laughing, 'that'll ne'er do, for a gaberlunzie's but a poor trade. An' ye were like the winsome young knight here, I might tell a different tale.'

"The beggar winked at Sir Percy with his remaining eye, and turning to Jean, answered rapidly, 'Poh! poh! nonsense!

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my ee;
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
An' we sall merrily sing, O!

—Ay, ay, my bonny Jean! But here, friend,' he added, turning to Lancy, 'sorrow makes a man dry—hand us the black jack.'

"'A most facetious companion,' said Lancy, gravely, as he complied with his request, 'and one that would make an outpost on a frosty night a coveted and much-to-be-desired situation.'

"'Which,' exclaimed the beggar, after he had finished a long and hearty draught, 'you are most welcome to enjoy, for aught that I care. But commend me to such a rest as this!' and he tossed one of his legs at full length over the settle on which he had been sitting, and casting his farther arm around the neck of the blushing Jean, almost reclined upon her bosom. • • •

"While he spoke, the beggar was busily employed in drawing forth the contents of his well-stored wallet, and many a savoury and richly spiced viand soon lay upon the board.

"'Come now, granny, come,' he exclaimed; 'I hae contributed my share, and ye sall surely contribute yours. Another black jack of ale—another black jack, an' it'll go hard but I gie ye a kiss to your share o' the bargain.'

"'Keep your kisses for them that like them better,' said the old woman, as she rose, however, to fetch another jug of ale.

"'And that's my bonny Jean!' cried the beggar, laughing, at the same time giving her a hearty salute, as her mother turned her back.

"'Of a surety,' said Lancy, 'they are to be pitied who are cursed with handsome daughters. From the days of Samson, downwards, man hath been betrayed by woman, and condignly brought to folly and to shame. It was a blessed saying of the flower of chivalry, the renowned Francis—'

"'That a long tale was a dry morsel,' interrupted the beggar, stretching forth his hand to the replenished jug.—'Here's to you, friend!'

"'It no what resembleth the expression,' said Lancy, gravely: 'the words of the flower of chivalry, the renowned Francis—'

"'Peace be with his bones, man!' cried the beggar; 'can't you let the dead rest, and the living enjoy themselves, without obtruding their company? What say you, sir knight, to a jolly lilt?'

"'Nay, an' ye will, sir beggar,' said the knight, 'I am not the man to balk ye—'

Down cam a lady fair and free,
And set her on the carle's knee;
One whiles she harped, another whiles sung,
Of paramours and of loving amouge;
Till I vow the jolly carle be
Became as fain as fain could be.

"'Bravo! bravo!' shouted the beggar; 'the very soul and spirit of Sir Tristram!'

"'The very soul and spirit of the evil one!' said Lancy, 'and that in no small measure too.'

"'Ha! sayest thou so?' exclaimed the beggar,

with a slap that made the speaker's armour ring again; 'sayest thou so, my jolly cock? Then by the bones of St. Mungo, we shall lay him with another flagon.'

There is singular freedom and breadth in this picture; and though the colouring is a little warmer, perhaps, than necessary, we feel no inclination to close our eyes, as a young lady did once in the picture gallery of Somerset House, and exclaim, 'We doubt the morality of your exhibition.' To take sittings from living nature, and paint pictures reflecting men and manners, equally original as bright, is a power confined to a few. It seems not, indeed, a very difficult matter to make a transcript of a scene, rough and raw, as we find it, elevating nothing, depressing nothing; to extract the poetry from it, as the bee extracts honey from the weed, is the province of genius, and we need not say how few excel in it. The wild rude soldiers of Wallenstein's camp, like the Jolly Beggars of Burns, become a living picture of men and manners in the hands of Schiller; all is free, yet nothing is offensive; but much, no doubt, of the talk of Wallenstein's warriors was otherwise. Nature as we find it, will seldom do, yet nothing will do without nature. The world is not without critics who complain that novels falsify history, and point out Scott as the prime offender; but Shakespeare, and the whole race of dramatists, have done the like; nay, painters and sculptors are offenders too, for their portraits are not exact. The author of 'Edith of Glamis' has such narrative powers, and so excels in scenes of a free and festive kind, that we wish much to meet him again; in bidding farewell now, we assure him, in the words of a song which he loves, that if he will but "dance his lane," we will be of the foremost to cry "Praise be blest!"

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'The Life and Times of Rienzi.'—The publication of this work is well timed—public attention has been strongly directed to the subject, and it is but reasonable to suppose, that readers will desire to know something of the history of one, in whose fortunes their feelings have been of late so strongly excited. The Life of Rienzi is to us, full of interest and speculation. He was a poor scholar, the friend of Petrarch and the other reformers of the age, who, seeing daily and hourly before him the sufferings of his countrymen, consequent on the lawless extortions, robberies, murders, and endless broils of the nobles, resolved, at all personal risks, to curb the power of these petty and profligate tyrants, and to establish the supremacy of the law. And he might with truth say, "Alone I did it!"—for though we are of opinion that he really had the sanction, and, secretly, the support of the church, he was left to accomplish his great purpose as best he might, and at his sole peril. Having once possessed himself of power, he upheld the laws with uncompromising firmness; and, therefore, it was that the Pope, who desired only to change the form of the tyranny, deserted him at last. We read, indeed, in the work before us, of his pride, his arrogance, his extortions, his hypocrisy, but these are mere words contradicted by every fact recorded on authority. Rienzi was an enthusiast, a visionary, and, perhaps, somewhat of a charlatan; but all who are conversant with the spirit of the age in which he lived, must be convinced, that very different means to what would now be considered legitimate, or even wise, were essential to his success. As to his integrity of heart and purpose, we do not believe that any man ever possessed greater power, and less abused it; and when, at last, deserted by the church, and overpowered by the associated factions and their foreign mercenaries, he resigned his powers, it is admitted, that the people—no bad judges of his conduct—"could not refrain from tears." The state or the Roman territory, precedent, under, and subsequent to his government, but proves the vigour of his administration. Strong in his integrity, he dared, even when deserted by all, to present himself before the Pope, to render account of his proceedings, and

to demand justice. He was, indeed, thrown into prison—so much for that honour, to which, in his simplicity, he had appealed! But the triple power of the factions established on his overthrow, proved wholly unable even to maintain that order, which he had called out of chaos; and the friendless man was released and sent back to Rome once again, clothed in authority. This appears to us an honest view of his motives, character, and the strange events of his life. The reader, however, who peruses this work, must bring his own philosophy to bear on the subject; he may consult it as a clear narrative of most interesting events, but the writer was incapable of estimating the motives and feelings of such a man as Rienzi.

'Select Prose Works of Milton. Vol. I.; with a Preliminary Discourse and Notes, by J. A. St. John.'—We learn from advertisements, that it is proposed to publish in a cheap and attractive form, the noblest productions of English prose literature, including selections from the writings of Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Hooker, Cowley, Locke, Swift, Addison, Burke, Johnson, and others, and to introduce each separate work with a biographical and critical memoir of the writer. To such a series of volumes we heartily wish success: the republication of standard works cannot fail to have a moral, as well as a literary influence; and we are therefore grateful to the proprietor, for the very tempting appearance of this his first fruit offering. To the Preliminary Discourse, we have some trifling objections, but, taken as a whole, it is written in a worthy spirit, and we are well pleased that the general arrangement and selection has been entrusted to a gentleman every way so competent as Mr. St. John.

'The History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire,' &c. by W. C. Taylor, L.L.D.—This is a very useful addition to our established school-books; such a work

was much wanted. Since the time of Gibbon vast additions have been made to our stores of knowledge respecting the condition of the middle ages, of which Dr. Taylor has availed himself; his researches indeed have not been confined to European authorities; and many interesting facts are here collected from the annals of the East, especially in reference to the state of the Eastern Empire—the decline of the Khali-phate—the establishment of the Turkish power—the conquests of the Saracens—and the Crusades.

'Dublin University Calendar.'—The examination papers, in this volume of the 'Dublin Calendar,' are the only portions of it that come before us with the recommendation of novelty. The examination in logics and ethics, the second that has been held in this new medal course, is particularly interesting; Mr. Moore's questions in ethics, and Mr. Sadlier's on the evidence of Christianity, are deserving of high praise for their neatness and logical precision. Among the mathematical papers, we noticed one of singular merit, by the late Mr. McClean, and several by Professors Lloyd, McCullagh, and McLuby. The best of the classical papers are Dr. Singer's questions on the Clouds of Aristophanes, and Mr. Chapman's on the Orations of Demosthenes; the latter, especially, take a wide historic range, well calculated to stimulate the exertions, and develop the judgment of students.

'The Naval Service, or, Officer's Manual for every Grade in His Majesty's Ships,' by Capt. W. N. Glascock.—We learn from the Advertisement prefixed to this work, that "nothing in the shape of a Sea-Officer's Manual has before appeared;" and the writer expresses a modest hope "that the present publication will not altogether fail in supplying the deficiency." We have no doubt that it will not; a better officer than Capt. Glascock is not, we believe, to be met with in the British Navy, and such

a man cannot fail to be an excellent guide and instructor: but we are quite incapable of proving the faith that is in us, for the work is strictly practical and professional; our very language here "suffers a sea-change, into something new and strange."

'Cochrane's and Girdlestone's Family Devotions.'—The prayers in both of these collections are selected from the works of our most approved divines.

List of New Books.—Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 2nd division, (Mixed Sciences. Vol. IV.) 4to. 42s.; ditto, 4th division, (Lexicon. Vol. X.) 4to. 38s.—Girdlestone's Commentary on the Old Testament, Part I. 8vo. 8s.—Parochial Sermons, by J. H. Newman, M.A. Vol. III. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Frayssinous' Defence of Christianity, translated by J. B. Jones, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Practical Observations on Homœopathy, by W. Brookes, M.R.C.S. 8vo. 5s.—Cherville's First Step to French, 12mo. 3s.—The City of London Corporation Annual, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Select Prose Works of Milton; with Notes, by J. A. St. John, Vol. I. 6s. 6d.—The Analogy of Faith, by the Rev. J. T. Holloway, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Memoirs of Mrs. Ellis, 12mo. 5s.—The Cruise of the Midge, 2 vols. 6s. 12s.—Hints on Etiquette, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Family Library, Vol. LV. (Knickerbocker's New York.) 6s. 5s.—Lectures on the Services, Creeds, and Offices of the Church of England, by Robert Broadley, 8vo. 7s.—The British Colonial Library, Vol. I. (The Canadas.) 6s. 6d.—France; Social, Literary, and Political, by H. L. Bulwer, Esq., new edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Richardson's English Dictionary, Vol. I. 4to. 52s. 6d.; ditto, Vol. I. Part II. 26s. 6d.—The Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister, 5th edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The Bar-Sinister, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Progressive Tales for Little Children, 1st and 2nd series, 18mo. 3s.—The English Bible Almanac, in morocco and vellum, 3s.—Remains of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B. 6th edit. 12mo. 6s.—Sermons, by the late Thomas McCrie, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Adventures of Sir Fizzle Pumpkin, Nights at Mess, and other Tales, 8s.—Nicholas's Privy Council of England, Vol. V. royal 8vo. 21s.—Hardy's Patent Rolls of the Tower of London, royal 8vo. 18s.—The Naturalist's Library, Vol. XII. (Goats.) 6s.—The Autobiography of a Notorious Legal Functionary, 2nd edit. 12mo. 9s. 6d.—The Rival Demons, a Poem, in 3 cantos, by the Author of the 'Gentleman in Black,' 12mo. 2s. 6d.—A Manual of Entomology, from the German of Burmeister, by W. E. Shuckard, M.E.S. 8vo. 20s.—Draughts of Character, by A. Corkscrew, cr. 8vo. 1s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JANUARY.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1836. JAN.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
F 1	30.184	37.8	30.243	36.3	30	32.6	28.2	31.4	34.6		E	Overcast—light brisk wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
S 2	30.493	30.3	30.473	30.2	12	19.6	27.5	17.5	33.9		E	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light wind. P.M. Overcast—light snow and wind.
○ M 3	30.311	31.7	30.249	32.7	29	35.8	40.6	19.2	43.4		SSW	Overcast throughout the day—deposition—light fog and wind.
M 4	30.045	36.6	30.018	38.6	35	45.2	48.3	34.2	47.2	.063	SW	Evening, Rain and wind.
T 5	30.071	42.5	30.079	43.6	40	46.3	50.2	43.6	48.8		SW	Overcast—deposition—light brisk wind.
W 6	30.075	45.0	30.010	45.7	42	46.3	46.4	44.9	46.6		SW	Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy—high wind.
T 7	29.780	44.3	29.748	43.8	33	38.2	40.0	34.9	40.2	.030	SE	(A.M. Thick fog—deposition. P.M. Overcast—light rain and wind.
F 8	29.823	44.6	29.825	44.5	37	41.4	42.4	37.3	41.3		ESE	Overcast—high wind throughout the day.
S 9	29.831	41.0	29.746	40.4	30	31.5	34.3	30.3	.		E	Overcast—light wind. Evening, Fine and clear—sharp frost.
○ 10	29.465	38.7	29.209	37.5	29	32.2	31.3	.	.		E	(Overcast—high wind. Evening, Light snow, with very high wind.
M 11	29.126	37.2	29.116	37.8	30	33.3	35.5	.	43.7		SW	(A.M. Overcast—light brisk wind. P.M. Overcast—light snow and wind.
T 12	29.277	37.7	29.303	38.0	26	30.7	35.7	28.6	35.2	.625	SW	(A.M. Overcast—heavy snow during the night. P.M. Overcast—rain and wind. Evening, Heavy rain—high wind.
W 13	29.683	36.0	29.694	36.6	27	30.7	39.2	28.0	43.4		SW	Fine & cloudless—very light fog & wind. Evening, Fine & clear.
T 14	29.752	38.2	29.649	40.2	35	43.7	47.6	29.0	48.4		SW	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light fog. P.M. Fine and cloudless—light wind. Evening, Cloudy.
F 15	29.314	45.2	29.346	45.4	41	43.2	42.7	42.6	44.2	.280	W	(A.M. Overcast—very light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind. Evening, Rain—high wind.
S 16	29.982	41.9	30.061	41.6	31	35.6	37.7	33.3	37.3	.041	N	(A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy—light brisk wind.
○ 17	30.095	38.9	30.140	39.3	27	33.2	40.9	30.0	40.3		SW	Fine and cloudless—light fog and wind. Evening, Cloudy.
● M 18	30.075	38.4	29.909	39.4	29	36.7	40.8	31.0	44.2		SW	Fine—light clouds, fog, and wind. Evening, Cloudy—light fog.
T 19	30.093	40.7	30.110	40.6	30	35.8	38.2	35.2	37.7		N	Overcast—light fog and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
W 20	30.115	39.3	30.023	40.0	32	38.2	41.7	31.3	41.5		SSW	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light haze and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.
T 21	29.709	40.4	29.606	41.2	31	37.3	40.6	35.5	44.0		ESE	Fine and cloudless—light wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
F 22	29.386	43.2	29.437	44.6	39	44.6	47.2	36.3	52.3		S var.	A.M. Hazy—l. wind. P.M. Lightly overcast. Evening, Cloudy.
S 23	29.297	47.2	29.451	48.7	44	52.2	52.3	43.7	53.4		SW var.	(A.M. Overcast—high wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Rain—high wind.
○ 24	29.881	47.5	29.875	47.9	41	44.6	48.7	42.8	48.6		S	(A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Overcast—rain and high wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
M 25	30.203	46.9	30.214	47.3	40	42.8	44.6	41.3	44.4	.033	S	Fine—nearly cloudless—light wind. Evening, Overcast—l. rain.
T 26	30.085	45.9	29.984	46.4	39	42.4	45.0	38.6	45.3		S	A.M. Foggy. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Fine & clear.
W 27	29.909	44.8	29.806	45.5	38	44.3	44.3	39.0	46.3		SW	Cloudy—light brisk wind.
T 28	29.623	45.4	29.449	46.6	39	44.3	47.4	41.2	48.8		SW	(A.M. Overcast—deposition. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. Evening, Fine—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds & wind.
F 29	29.346	45.6	29.190	46.0	35	38.0	42.6	35.2	42.5	.158	SW	(A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds & wind. Evening, Overcast—hail, rain, and high wind.
S 30	28.922	42.9	29.114	43.4	31	36.2	43.0	32.5	43.2	.319	SW	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light haze and wind. P.M. Overcast—high wind. Evening, Overcast—rain and wind.
○ 31	29.267	41.4	29.037	42.5	34	39.0	48.8	33.3	48.2	.050	S var.	(A.M. Overcast—light snow and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.
MEANS ..	29.781	41.2	29.746	41.7	33.4	38.6	41.7	34.5	43.8	Sum. 1.599		Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillary and reduced to 32° Fahr. 9 A.M. 29.757 3 P.M. 29.721

* * Height of Cistern of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge—83 feet 2½ in.—Ditto, above the presumed mean level of the Sea—95 feet.—External Thermom. is 2 ft. higher than Barom. Cistern.—Height of Receiver of Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House—79 feet.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.
By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.

TRUE Shepherd of old Scotia's lonely views,
Of down, and vale, and river—not less true
Transmitter of the muse's pastoral strains—
Thou, too, art gone; and underneath the sod
Thy relics slumber, and fond Fancy strews
Spring's simplest woodland flowers of every hue
Over the mournful turf; and Love complains
In solemn accents where thy feet have trod!
The rural swains thy ditties shall repeat
From age to age, and every knoll and glade
Shall echo back thy pastoral fables sweet,
And thy pure spirit hallow every shade.
The muse has purified thy mortal clay,
And thou hast risen into lasting day!

Genova, December, 1835.

THE LAWRENCE GALLERY.

WE return to this rich collection every month, like bees to a honey-bed when it puts forth a new flush of blossoms. The reader will be well off if, like them too, we do not begin to sing at our "flowery work," instead of pursuing it with humdrum diligence. Here is a nook of immortal amaranths, in St. Martin's Lane! On the strength of the Leonardos alone, we might pronounce this the best series of drawings yet exhibited. First, there are two magnificent cartoons, (Nos. 74 and 75,) each containing two heads for the Cennas. As, on account of the annihilation which has befallen this great picture, by the united efforts of time, retouchment, Gothic monks, and Gallic soldiers, its best memorial is to be found now in the original drawings, these are become doubly valuable. The painting itself might be called by punsters rather a Cenotaph than a Cenna. It may be useful to give a brief pedigree of the cartoons, as almost every collector who has a founding Saint's head, or beggarman's, sufficiently effaced and be-patched, affiliates it upon Leonardo. There are, we believe, two sets of cartoons for the Last Supper, by most connoisseurs permitted to be original: one bought at Venice by Mr. Udney, in 1778, (from Procurator Sagredo, who had it from the Marquis Casanidi); one stolen from Milan by a Polish officer in the Buonaparte wars. The former set, consisting of eleven cartoons, (thirteen heads,) descended through Messrs. Woodburn to the Duke of Hamilton, and from him finally to the Duke of Somerset,—i. e. finally for the present. Respecting the other set, it would appear that the compatriot of Kosciuszko had been able to steal from the Ambrosian only twelve heads out of the thirteen, a single one now remaining at Milan. Ten cartoons containing those twelve heads were purchased for about 1000*l.*, by Sir Thomas Baring, and sold by him it is said at cent. per cent. to Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose death consigning them to the auctioneer, two heads came into the possession of Lady Guilford, and ten heads (eight cartoons,) into that of Messrs. Woodburn. It may amuse to hear that Sir Thomas (not Baring,) offered 500*l.* for the Milan head—a piece of princeliness resented by its guardians there, as if the head on which such a price had been set were one of their own. Messrs. Woodburn now exhibit, with Nos. 74 and 75, (only promised in the catalogue,) the additional six cartoons, so that amateurs have a rare opportunity of seeing this series almost complete. We shall not presume to say a word upon their genuineness, since it has been declared a point of critical faith, by the bull of President West, and under the seal of President Lawrence, but merely add, that they must be held, even in the opinion of schismatics, as stupendous for character, and most of them admirable for execution. The St. John is modelled with a breadth as mighty as Correggio ever gave, and a sentiment deeper than Raffael's. They appear to be less finished than the Somerset duplicates, displaying several *pentimenti*, as if an earlier series. These cartoons, at least, if the Duke be more impregnable to gold than Danaë was, should go into our National Gallery: the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been to inspect, but we did not hear that he cheapened them. No. 61, a Study for the drapery of Mr. Coesvelt's well-known Virgin: by wondrous vivification a veiled limb is filled with expressiveness like a face;

the feeling of those folds which lie in the groin, makes them resemble traits of the countenance, and tell us silently all underneath them. Nos. 54, 55, Studies for drapery: exquisite; the singular combination of sharpness and breadth in 54, is miraculous, and peculiar to Leonardo of all modern painters. No. 56, Caricatures: an old head, of a lobster-claw outline, with eager open mouth and eyes, might be the portrait of Shakespeare's tailor "swallowing up news," gathering it inwards with his under jaw. No. 58, *Leda with the Swan*: beautiful, and inoffensively expressive. With so much modesty does the sway of her left knee, and the mild sweetness of her gaze, correct her voluptuous leaning, that she might pass for Eve, gathering flowers, before the fall, and caressing a familiar swan beside her. Original of the Ottery design. We feel among these Leonardos as if in a thicket of honeysuckles, and swathed with them, so that we could not get out. To struggle through them, however: No. 66, Studies for Figures; the sitting youth, of ease and grace perfectly Grecian; the youth above seems to anticipate all the merit of Retzsch's Faust, Fridolin, &c. We cannot help but think, that Leonardo has in some corner the well-spring, from which almost every succeeding artist of distinction drew his inspiration. No. 67, Five Heads, the types of those bloated pharisaical malignants so often portrayed by Rubens. No. 69, a Fountain, the epitome of Parmegiano's arabesque style, but of far purer elegance, naturally fanciful instead of fantastic. No. 72, Design for a tomb: very curious; workmanship of preternatural adroitness, delicate as the Leonardo of Fairy-land could execute, yet without any pettiness. No. 71, *Head of a beautiful Youth*: reminds strongly of the Antinous, but has grander orbs than that piggy-eyed voluptuary, and deeper though not so dejected expression. Largeness of design with elaboration of finish, here again in marvellous concordance. We have done at last with this "Improver of Hearts," who makes every one better, that inhales the sweetness and beauty, and amiable spirit, breathing from his pictures. N.B. There is a pen-sketch of the Madonna, (No. 61,) gracious as if she, her very self, had sat for it.

The other three sets of drawings are too much of a foil in manner to Leonardo's. Art begins and ends with the grotesque, of which there are two species, the extremes of awkward simplicity and affected grace: Leonardo had escaped the former, Julio Romano, Pierino de Vaga, and Primaticcio, ran a little into the latter; the works of these tell one hour past the meridian of painting. Nevertheless, their designs are, in many points, admirable. By Pierino, No. 77, *St. John at the Gate of the Temple*, capital for movement and solidity of style. No. 83, *The Deluge*, after Raffael's idea for his "Bible," and executed by Pierino in the Loggie, is of peculiar interest: you see the pure outline of Il Divino beginning to wander into the eccentric. No. 87, *Design for a Casket*, reverts toward the Raffaelesque model, and is thence in a chaster style. The reclining nymph has a grandeur and elegance of form not always harmonized by Sanzio himself. We can only particularize further from Pierino, Nos. 79 and 89 for brilliant effect; No. 98 for grandiose flexure of line. The Julio Romanos contain, in newspaper slang, various "gems." Nos. 1 and 3, *Dedalus and Icarus*, first thought and finished drawing. A fine frieze, No. 5, of the most elegant *intrecciatura*; caught from the antique. No. 11, *Psyche receiving the Vase from Proserpine*, grandly imagined, composed, and the Psyche for expression never out-Raffaeled. No. 12, *The Four Elements*, in this master's unique broad-listed style of sketching. No. 14, *Cupids on a Car*, pregnant less with spirit than inspiration. Several designs from the famous *Palazzo del Fe*, among which, No. 19, one of a giant about to be crushed by a cliff, like a barleycorn between millstones. No. 24, *Cupids Sporting*, an espalier of interwoven forms, animal and arboreal, composed with a freedom and ease as if interior pith alone had driven the pencil onward like a bough, and not foreign mechanism. Primaticcio is a name little known to amateurs, yet his drawings rank him here next to Leonardo, and should place him high in any collection. Though a pupil of Julio's, an obvious difference in his forms will be seen from these drawings. While the master tends to overload the limbs by the trunk, Primaticcio rather lightens the weight on them too much. He

may be called the Bolognese Parmegiano. His designs here are almost all from the paintings at Fontainebleau, where almost all the originals were likewise, till destroyed in 1738 by the tasteful repairers of that palace, to make room for fringe and frippery. These designs are curious and instructive, as showing what part Nicolo dell' Abate had not in the merit of said frescos. Here are finished drawings of superlative beauty. Genius, such as that displayed in the *Parnassus*, and *Angels pointing to the Star of Bethlehem*, Nos. 26 and 39, has but seldom, very seldom, been shown by any painter. If sublime and original imagination be the first attribute of a poet, Primaticcio might almost have taken the place of his own Apollo on the top of Parnassus. There the God of Poetry sits with his nine inspired handmaidens, high amid the clouds, and as it were in a storm that carries their rapturous breath away through the spheres. Gray's Bard—Taliessin on the top of Plinlimmon—is among the very flats of imagery to this. Perhaps the announcing angels will be reckoned still more beautifully sublime. Pointing to it, with a radiance of hands, as they float in a circle beneath its light, you almost seem to hear their shrill and triumphant Hosanna. This design, we consider, as one of the few instances in which painting far transcends the highest reach of verbal poetry on the same subject, and almost equals it on any other. Little more need be said of Primaticcio, although we might add much. Nos. 29 and 43, *Phaeton's Fall*, and *Nebuchadnezzar at Grass*, evince a like audacity of mind. Nos. 35 and 38 overflow with elegance, in spite of mannerism and design, oftener conventional than mastery. Nos. 36 and 42 are Correggionesque for composition and effect, but have a poetry quite individual.—We have far outrun the just limits of our paper, and perhaps the patience of our readers.

RAILWAYS.

WE have received numerous letters from shareholders and others, who think more favourably of particular railways than we do, and are therefore desirous of putting their counter opinions on record: but this, so far as the *Athenæum* is concerned, is out of the question; we, who have no interest in any one of the schemes, took an impartial view of the subject generally, and the value of our judgment is to be determined by our readers. We make exception in favour of the following letter, not that the writer's argument tends in the slightest degree to shake our opinion, but because he adduces certain facts, which, he thinks, may influence the opinions of others.

THE SOUTHAMPTON RAILWAY.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

Sir,—In your number of the 23rd ult., you state with perfect accuracy, that the estimate for the London and Southampton Railway was 1,000,000*l.*; but you add, that you "are inclined to suppose, from the difficulties of the country, and the consequent heaviness of the works, that it will probably require at least 2,000,000*l.* for its completion; and that it remains to be seen whether there is sufficient trade and travelling between London and Southampton, to make a profitable return on this large outlay."

The writer of this passage is evidently but little acquainted with the details of this great national work, and I therefore beg leave to state the following particulars.

1st. That upon an aggregate of 9½ miles, consisting of pieces of road at nineteen different parts of the line between London and Basingstoke, the permanent rail has been laid and is in use, for the purpose of continuing the work.

2nd. That those parts of the road are formed entirely from cuttings into the hills, and carrying the earth out to embankment, which operations constitute the burthen of the undertaking, and not by selecting the more level points of line, for the purpose of making a show.

3rd. That the cost per mile, of this work, including the rateable proportion of the expense of obtaining the Act and the other dead weight, so far, is less than 8500*l.* per mile, the parliamentary estimate being at the rate of 13,000*l.* per mile; or according to the "supposition" of the writer in your journal, 25,000*l.* per mile. It is here that some addition to the sum of 8500*l.* per mile will yet be required, but the chief part of the work is accomplished on 9½ miles.

4th. There is no reasonable ground of belief, that the entire work will cost more than the estimated sum of 1,000,000*l.*; that is, 13,000*l.* per mile; or, if through the advance on the price of iron, or any other cause, the cost should be somewhat more, the addition of 1000*l.* per mile is a liberal allowance for the contingency. Nearly one-half, however, of the rails, were contracted for in November, 1834, at the then low price of iron.

5th. The work, between London and Basingstoke (46 miles,) being nearly all open cutting, the time yet to be

required to complete that part of the line is clearly within calculation. It is confidently expected, that the first 12 miles out of London will be completed and in use in the spring, or early part of the summer of the following year; the distance thence to Murrell Green, (28 miles,) in twelve months more, and the remaining six miles to Basingstoke, shortly afterwards.

6th. In about 18 months time from this date, the ten miles from Southampton to Winchester is expected to be completed and in use.

7th. The inter-space between Winchester and Basingstoke, about 21 miles, will proceed simultaneously, and, as it is hoped, with the avoidance of the tunnel originally projected, and which, if accomplished, the entire line will be free from that great objection to railway travelling, namely, tunnels.

8th. With regard to the returns, it can only be necessary to point out the position of Southampton on the map of England, to draw the attention of the observer to the new circumstances, in which railway communication places that port; to the excellence of the port itself, and to the Commercial Docks about to be commenced; to its relative position to France, (it is now settled, that a railway is to be made from Paris through Rouen, to Havre-de-Grace,) and the southern and transatlantic world; and to the advantage which it possesses over all other railways in its termination at the river Thames, to put at rest all doubt as to its equality of pretension, if not the superiority, to every other undertaking of this description.

I am, &c.

A PROPRIETOR.

London, January 29, 1836.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THIS month the periodical stars of greatest power shine upon us, as well as "those lesser lights" with which we are more familiar. *The Edinburgh, the Quarterly, the Westminster, and the British and Foreign*, have all appeared within these few days. We are not disposed to quarrel with these additions to our monthly task: we, however, have only had leisure to run through the *Quarterly*, a review which, however far we may differ from it on points of opinion and philosophy, is always interesting from the variety of its contents, and the talent with which their subjects are grappled with. The present number contains much that is valuable and suggestive: an examination of M. Ranke's 'History of the Popes during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries'; an amusing article on Provincial Glossaries;—one, graver, on Lord Brougham's 'Natural Theology'; two, whose tone and temper it will not be hard for our readers to divine, upon the French Revolutions of 1792 and 1830;—one, for the geologist, upon M. Agassiz' Fossil Fish, with a preliminary biographical sketch; one on Capt. Henningsen's 'Twelve Months' Campaign with Zumalacarregrui,' (a book we should have noticed among the announcements of new works);—one, strongly political, on Sir John Walsh's 'Chapters of Contemporary History,' and the recently notorious 'Portfolio';—and lastly, for the diner-out, a pleasant and racy piece of gossip upon the 'Original,' (to the interruption of which periodical, we cannot but advert with sadness, since it has been followed by the sudden death of its kind-hearted projector);—and, for the lover of poetry and the drama, a panegyric upon Miss Baillie's last published Dramas. From the tone which the critics are taking, and their unanimous commendation of two of the plays, 'Henriquez,' and 'The Separation,' it seems more than probable that one or both will be immediately brought before the public.

In such of the Monthly Magazines, too, as profess to be critical rather than miscellaneous, "Sister Joanna" meets with high honour. *Fraser* extols her to the skies. On the whole, *Fraser* gives us the best number of the month as to variety: with Mr. Faraday for his "illustrious literary character," and Nimrod's 'Bacchanalian Memorabilia,' (which we would recommend by way of dessert to the gastronomic article in the *Quarterly*), and Mr. Chapman's 'Hebrew Idyls,' which would be very good, did not their author, in search of simple gravity of style, sometimes fall into what is prosaic and conceited. *Blackwood* has some good articles for the general reader,—as the chapter on the Troubadours, and some fine verses by Delta; but he is waiting, we doubt not, for the "spring season," to come out in all his old poetry and strength. *The New Monthly*, too, is far from being strong, though graced by some feeling lines by its old editor, Mr. Campbell, and his 'Letters from the South,' which contain six specimens of Algerine melody, more curious than interesting. Mr. Poole brings his stay at Little Pedling-

ton to a close; Mr. Hook has somewhat more of the housekeeper's room and butler's pantry than we like in his 'Precepts and Practice'; Mr. Ritchie's 'Last words touching the Barbarians of the North,' however, are pleasant,—we hope, to be followed, like "the precious Mr. Baxter's," by "more last words"; and the 'Elements of Conversation' is a clever piece of fooling. The other Magazines of the month are much as usual; the *Metropolitan* has a fragment of true poetry by Richard Howitt, which we like far better than his introductory letter:—in the *Monthly Repository*, Mrs. Leman Grimstone (taking an innocent note of Mrs. Hall's, addressed to the *Times*, for her text,) continues her defence of political women; and on the frontispiece of the *Court Magazine* smiles one of Lawrence's heads, so completely alone in their patrician grace,—the Duchess of Richmond.

So much for the contents of the Magazines—the announcements they contain are not many: one or two of the novelties to-day find a place among our reviews. Mr. Murray, however, promises us a translation of M. Leon de Laborde's Journey through Arabia Petrea, Lord Mahon's History of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, Moorcroft's Travels in Thibet, and Lieut. Smyth's Voyage down the Amazon, from Lima to Para; and a volume on the present position of Russia. We are happy to learn, too, that Mr. Hallam's 'Literary History of the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries' is in the press. The author of the 'Subaltern' is also about to publish 'The Campaigns of Washington and New Orleans' in a single volume; and there is another work announced, which should be interesting, 'Excursions in the Manufacturing Districts of England, in the Summer of 1835.' Mr. Bentley promises us less novelty than usual; he announces, however, a new novel by Capt. Chamier. It seems, that in our mention of the forthcoming 'Literary Remains and Biographical Notice of Hazlitt,' we promised something too much, as far as Mr. Bulwer's share in it is concerned. We have been requested to state, that instead of an introductory essay, that gentleman has merely contributed "a few sketchy thoughts on Hazlitt's genius." The book, however, will contain similar remarks by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd and others.

The Commissioners appointed to make a selection from the designs sent in for re-building the Houses of Parliament, are soon to make their report to his Majesty, if, indeed, they have not already done so. There are various rumours afloat as to the successful candidates, but such are too generally the creations of injudicious, over-zealous, and, sometimes, designing partisans, intended to sway the judgment of those who have to decide. If any information worthy of credit had gained circulation, it could only proceed from the Commissioners themselves, but they are, doubtless, too well aware of the responsibility attached to the honourable duty with which they are intrusted to be so indiscreet as to allow the result of their deliberations to transpire ere they had put his Majesty in possession of their choice. The eyes of the nation in general are upon them, and confidently rely upon the discharge of their trust, unbiassed by that spirit of favouritism which has distinguished too many such appointments. The result will be most important, not only to architecture, but to the national character for taste in this branch of the fine arts.

The Exhibition of the Works of British Artists, at the British Institution, was opened for private view on Wednesday last. We may plead bad weather as our excuse for not visiting the pictures, it being next to impossible to stir abroad, and utterly out of the question to have seen anything had we reached the gallery.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS, is Open daily from 10 in the Morning till 5 in the Evening.—Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

LAWRENCE GALLERY.

The FIFTH EXHIBITION, consisting of the Works of Julio Romano, Primaticcio, L. da Vinci, and P. del Vaga, is now Open.

Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d.
The Sixth, comprising the works of the Three Carracci, will be opened immediately on the closing of the present Exhibition, which will take place at the end of the present Month.

S. & A. WOODBURN,
112, St. Martin's-lane.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 4.—Sir John Rennie, V.P. in the chair.

The following papers were read:

1. Memoir on the metamorphoses of the Macroura, or long-tailed Crustacean, exemplified in the Prawn, (*Palæmon serratus*) by J. V. Thompson, Esq. F.R.S. Communicated by Sir James Macgregor, Bart. M.D.

2. Geometrical investigations concerning the phenomena of Terrestrial Magnetism: second series. 'On the number of points at which a magnetic needle can take a position vertical to the Earth's surface,' by Thomas Stephens Davies, Esq., F.R.S.

George William Drory, Esq., Robert E. Grant, M.D., and John Dillwyn Llewelyn, Esq. were elected, and the Rev. William Taylor admitted, Fellows of the Royal Society.

[Abstract of Papers, read at the meetings of the Society, during the Session of 1835-6.]

"On the Empirical Laws of the Tides in the Port of Liverpool. By the Rev. William Whewell, M.A."

"The author employs the results of the discussion of sixteen years of tide observations made at Liverpool, published by Mr. Lubbock in the Philosophical Transactions for the present year, in testing and improving the formulæ, expressing the mathematical laws of the inequalities of the phenomena of the tides, which had already been deduced by the author from the London tide observations. He finds that the Liverpool observations have not only confirmed, in the most satisfactory manner, these formulæ, but have furnished the means of greatly improving them. The corrections for lunar parallax and declination, which, as far as they depended on the former investigation, might be considered as in some measure doubtful, and only locally applicable, have now been fully verified as to their general form; the nature of the local differences in the constants of the formulæ has also, in part, come into view; and the investigation has, moreover, shown that, notwithstanding the great irregularities to which the tides are subject, the results of the means of large masses of good observations agree with the formulæ with a precision not far below that of other astronomical phenomena. The formulæ obtained point directly to a very simple theory of the circumstances of tides, namely, that the tide at any place occurs in the same way as if the ocean assumed the form of equilibrium, corresponding to a certain antecedent time, and different place. The ocean, in its position of equilibrium, would have the form of a spheroid, of which the pole would revolve round the earth, following the moon at a certain distance of terrestrial longitude. This distance is termed by the author the *retroposition of the theoretical tide in longitude*, its mean value being what he has termed in other communications, the *corrected establishment of the place*. If from an original equilibrium tide, a derivative tide were sent off, along any channel, in which it is no longer influenced by the forces of the moon and sun, it would take a certain time in reaching any place in that channel, and the circumstances of the tide at that place would not depend on the positions and distances of the moon and sun at the time when the tide happens, but on the positions and distances of those luminaries at a certain time, anterior to the time of the tide, by the interval occupied in the transmission of the tide along the channel. This interval of time, which, in his former papers, the author had called the *age of the tide*, he here terms the *retroposition of the theoretical tide in time*.

"Adopting this phraseology, the author finds that the phenomena of the Liverpool tides may be expressed as follows.

"1. The effects which the changes of the moon's force produce on the tides are the same as the effects which those changes would produce upon a retroposed equilibrium tide.

"2. The retroposition of the tide in longitude is affected by small changes, which changes are proportional to the variations in the moon's force.

"3. The retroposition of the tide in time is also affected by small changes, which changes depend on the variations in the moon's force.

"On the hypothesis that an equilibrium tide gives rise to the Liverpool tides, we must suppose that the channel by which they are transmitted occupies in

length, from west to east, $11^{\circ} 6'$ of longitude; or we may suppose the tide spheroid to lie behind the position of equilibrium by a certain space; and the longitude occupied by the channel from end to end, may be supposed to make up the rest of the $11^{\circ} 6'$, the retroposition of the tide in longitude. The author proceeds to show how the circumstances of the tide may be hypothetically represented on these suppositions; although it is not to be imagined that these hypotheses are strictly accordant with the true state of the case. As the general laws of the tides at other places must resemble those at Liverpool, they will of course be capable of being represented in a similar manner.

"The remainder of the paper is occupied by a comparison of the data of observations at London and Liverpool, and by an investigation of the corrections in the formulae thence resulting."

"Observations on Halley's Comet, made at Mackree, Sligo, in the months of August, September, October, and November 1835. By Edward J. Cooper, Esq. Communicated by Capt. Beaufort, R.N."

"These observations are communicated in the state in which they were taken, and without the corrections for refraction and parallax, with a view to assist computers in the calculation of a new approximate orbit. They were made principally with the author's equatorial telescope, having a focal length of 25 feet 3 inches, and a clear aperture of 13.3 inches. Some few, however, were taken with the finder, which is 6 feet 6 inches in focal length, and 4.9 inches clear aperture. The eye-pieces used were, one by Fraunhofer (an illuminated wire-micrometer), one by Messrs. Troughton & Simms (an illuminated field-micrometer), a comet eye-piece, and the ordinary eye-piece of the finder. The first of these had a magnifying power of about 400, the second 226, the third of about 95, and the fourth about 40."

"An Account of the great Earthquake experienced in Chili, on the 20th of February, 1835, with a Map. By Alexander Caddell, Esq."

An idea formerly prevailed among the inhabitants of Chili, that the earthquakes of those regions take place at certain regular periods; but it is now sufficiently proved, from the numerous catastrophes of this kind which have occurred during the present century, that they may happen indiscriminately at all times, and in all states of the atmosphere. The author is disposed to place but little reliance on most of the supposed prognostics of these convulsions; but he mentions that, previously to the earthquake described in the present paper, there were seen immense flocks of sea birds, proceeding from the coast towards the Cordillera, and that a similar migration had been noticed prior to the great shock of 1822. From his own observations, he concludes that the barometer usually falls shortly before any considerable shock, and that it afterwards rises to its ordinary mean height. Both before, and also at the time of the convulsion, the volcanos of the whole range of the Cordillera were observed to be in a state of extraordinary activity.

"The earthquake began at half-past eleven o'clock in the morning of the 20th of February. The first oscillations of the earth were gentle, and attended with little noise; they were succeeded by two extremely violent tremors, continuing for two minutes and a half, the principal direction of the motion being from south-west to north-east; and they were attended by a loud report, apparently proceeding from the explosions of a volcano to the southward. All the buildings of the town of Concepcion were thrown down during these undulations. At the expiration of half an hour, when the inhabitants, who, on the first alarm, had fled to the neighbouring heights, were preparing to return to their houses, it was observed that the sea had retreated to such a distance that the ships in the harbour were left dry, and all the rocks and shoals in the bay were exposed to view. At this period an immense wave was seen slowly advancing towards the shore, rolling majestically onwards, in ten minutes reached the city of Concepcion, which was soon overwhelmed in a flood, of an altitude of 28 feet above high-water mark. The few persons who had remained in the town had but just time to make their escape, and to behold, from the rising grounds, the complete submersion of

the city. All objects that were moveable were swept away into the ocean by the reflux of this great wave, which was succeeded by several similar, but smaller waves, completing the work of destruction, and leaving behind them, on their final retreat, a scene of universal havoc and desolation.

"The island of Santa Maria, which is situate to the southward of the bay of Concepcion, and is about seven miles broad, and two long, remained, after the earthquake, permanently elevated at least ten feet above its former position; and a similar change was found to have taken place with regard to the bottom of the sea immediately surrounding the island. The amount of this elevation was very accurately ascertained by the observations of Captain Fitzroy, who had, previously to the earthquake, made a careful survey of the shores of that island; thus supplying the most satisfactory and authentic testimony to this important fact.

"The author gives, in the course of the paper, several particulars relating to the effects of the earthquake in different parts of the Chilian coast; the oscillations appearing to have extended to the north as far as Coquimbo, and to the east as far as Mendoza, at the ridge of the great chain of the Andes. Vessels navigating the Pacific Ocean, within a hundred miles of the coast, experienced the shock with considerable force. Its influence was very perceptible in the island of Juan Fernandez, a basaltic mass 360 miles distant from the coast; as was shown by the sudden elevation and subsidence of the sea, which at one time rose 15 feet above the usual level, carrying all before it."

ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

At a meeting of the Committee, Tuesday, 2nd of February, Sir Gore Ouseley took the chair.—Sheets of the following works in progress were laid on the table: 'The Translation of the Harwansa,' by M. Langles, the second part of 'The History of the Afghans,' by Prof. Dorn, the sixth part of 'The Travels of Macarius,' and the second volume of 'Rabbi Joseph's Hebrew Chronicles,' translated by Dr. Bialloblotzky.

Mr. Alexander Raphael presented to the Committee a copy of Three Discourses by Philo Judeus, which were supposed to have been lost, but were recently discovered in Armenia, and published at Venice in the original Greek, accompanied by an Armenian and Latin translation.

M. Brosset offered to the Committee a Georgian grammar, with a Chrestomathy of extracts from the Georgian history.

A letter was read from M. Garcin de Tassy, offering to the Committee a History of Hindustani Literature, with lives of the principal authors, and copious extracts from their works.

M. Quatremere's Translation of the History of Egypt, by Makrizi, was announced to be in a state of great forwardness; it will be illustrated with very copious notes, and, from M. Quatremere's long residence in Egypt, and extensive knowledge of oriental literature, it may be expected that this work will throw a new and interesting light on the history of the Fatemite Khalifs and the Mameluke Sultans.

A letter was read from Dr. Sachs, of Berlin, offering his services in the translation of Rabbinical and Hebrew works, and recommending two to the notice of the Committee; 1. 'A History of Jewish Literature,' and 2. 'The Shebet Jehudah,' a History of Jewish Persecutions.

Sir Graves C. Haughton remarked, that the Hebrew literature of the middle ages was well worthy of investigation, as the Jews were the rivals of the Arabs in cultivating science, when Christendom was buried in ignorance.

Dr. Taylor stated, that Archbishop Ussher's library in Trinity College, Dublin, was very rich in Hebrew literature, and thought that it would be worth while to have some of these works examined.

Dr. Rosen said, that 'Wolf's Bibliotheca Rabbinica' contained a very full account of the best Hebrew works of the middle ages.

It was understood that Dr. Sachs was of Jewish descent, and the Committee generally expressed great pleasure at the direction of the attention of the Jews to the literary, scientific, and historical records of their nation, through the Oriental Translation Fund.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 2.—A paper was read on the cultivation of the Alströméria, from Mr. W. Scott, gardener to C. Barclay, Esq., M.P., giving an account of the plan adopted by him in bringing to perfection the varieties exhibited at the Society's Garden, in June, 1834, for which he received the large silver medal; it was heard with much interest, the subject being a South American genus in great favour.

The collection of flowers was rather small, but contained some good specimens, especially of the species of Solanum, from Demerara, from James Bateman, Esq.; the Camellias, from John Allnutt, Esq.; the Oncidium cecolletta, from Mr. H. Low; and the Garrya elliptica and Echeveria gibbiflora from the Society's Garden.

Grafts of the Monarch and Beurré Bosc Pears, and of the late Duke and Bigarreau Napoleon Cherries, were distributed, being all varieties of surpassing excellence. Seeds of the Pinus nigricans, of which the extensive forests near Baden are composed, were also given to the Fellows present, having lately been received by the Society from Vienna.

John Batt, Esq. and James White, Esq. were elected Fellows of the Society.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society	Eight.
MON.	Geographical Society	Nine.
	Medical and Chirurgical Society	p. Eight.
	Civil Engineers	Eight.
TUES.	Zoological Society (Scientific Banquet)	p. Eight.
	Medico-Botanical Society	Eight.
	Society of Arts (Illustrations)	Eight.
	Society of Arts	p. Seven.
WED.	Graphic	Eight.
	Literary Fund	Three.
	Royal Society	p. Eight.
THUR.	Antiquarian Society	Eight.
	Society of Literature	Four.
	Royal Academy (Architectural Lecture)	Eight.
FRID.	Royal Institution	p. Eight.
	Astronomical Society (Anniversary)	Three.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, THE BRONZE HORSE; THE PANTOMIME; and THE JEWESS.

On Monday, OTHELLO; and GUSTAVUS THE THIRD.

Tuesday, THE BRONZE HORSE; and THE JEWESS.

Wednesday, A New Tragedy (in 5 Acts) entitled THE PROVOST OF BRUGES; after which a Comic Extravaganza, entitled FIDELITY IN FORTY-FIVE.

Thursday, THE BRONZE HORSE; and THE JEWESS.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, QUASIMODO; and PAUL CLIFFORD.

On Monday, THE STRANGER; and THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

Tuesday, QUASIMODO; INTRIGUE; and THE CARMELITES.

Wednesday, A PLAY, in which Mr. Kemble and Miss Faucit will perform; with other Entertainments.

Thursday, QUASIMODO; with other Entertainments.

VOCAL SOCIETY.—The Concert season may be said to have fairly commenced with the first meeting of this society, which took place on Monday last. There was a certain incompleteness in the performances as a whole, arising chiefly from the state of the band, which was meagre, raw, and mechanical, and partly from some of the leading voices in the glee not being in as good tune as we hope to hear on future occasions; but the selection was well varied, and the music for the most part good. The scheme opened with Dr. Croft's fine old anthem, 'God is gone up with a merry noise,' after this came a romantic glee, by Mr. Cooke, which we cannot praise; then, Dr. Calcott's 'Sisters of Acheron,' carefully sung by Mr. Parry, Jun.; then a charming madrigal by Bateson, 'Sisters, awake.' We could not but be struck with the freshness and spirit of the specimens of this fine old music, given in the course of the evening, (the other being Wilbye's 'Flora gave me,') as compared with the glees by more recent composers. These were Webbe's 'Ode to St. Cecilia's Day,' Paxton's 'How sweet, how fresh,' (which was encored,) and a very bright and delicate composition by Bishop, 'Up, quit thy bower,' to some charming words of Joanna Baillie's. The canonet by the same composer, 'There blooms a sweet flower,' sung by Mrs. Bishop, failed from the inefficiency of the orchestra; from the same cause the opening chorus from 'Euryanthe' lost some of its dignity and spirit; it was nevertheless, to us, the most effective thing of the evening, and well de-

served its *encore*. The trio and chorus by Fenoglio (to return for a moment,) were not particularly striking. Between the acts, Messrs. Nicholson and Willman performed a brilliant duet on flute and clarinet. The second act opened with Haydn's 'Gloria,' from his third mass, in which is clearly to be traced the germ of his more magnificent 'The Heavens are telling;' it went very well, particularly its finest part, the 'Qui tollis.' Miss Woodyatt sang Haydn's 'Recollection,' with some expression; but it is a pity to hear so sweet a voice so uncertain in its intonation. No much greater contrast in style could be conceived, than between the venerable 'Together let us range the fields,' (sung by the same lady, and Mr. Hobbs,) and Mrs. Bishop's (*Despina*), and Mr. Balfe's (*Don Alfonso*), duet from the finale to 'Così fan tutte';—why were we treated to such a mere fragment of that charming composition? The grand aria by Mercandante, 'Liete voci!' though sung in first-rate Italian style, by Mr. Balfe, sounded tame and *maniéré*, after the more vigorous music of Mozart. The concert closed with a short chorus from Handel's 'Giulio Cesare.' The singers who appeared, in addition to those already mentioned, were Miss M. B. Hawes, Masters Howe and Coward, Messrs. Hawkins, Bellamy, E. Taylor, &c.

COVENT GARDEN.—An operatic romance, called 'Quasimodo,' founded on M. Victor Hugo's celebrated novel, 'Notre Dame,' was brought out here on Tuesday. The bills say before it, "Never acted!"—we suspect that Never acted *here* would have been nearer the mark; for, we understand, that, like almost every piece produced here during the present season, it is little more than a lash and a grill from a bird originally dressed at one of the minors over the water. Such is the encouragement bestowed by this "Theatre Royal" upon the dramatic literature of the country; and yet is the management, we presume, like all other managements, to be styled ("by the grace of the press," as Victor Hugo himself would say) enlightened, spirited, and liberal. How far the second edition may be better or worse than the first, we know not; the work, as now produced, is not without merit, but it is one in which the headlong current of defect hurries with it, and finally overpowers those particles of merit which are here and there seen struggling for awhile upon its surface. The cause of the comparative failure of this work as a drama, lies more in the impracticability of the subject than in want of skill on the part of the dramatist. Thrilling as are the incidents in the novel, and admirable, as creations of the brain, as are the imaginary beings of Victor Hugo, neither are adapted for realization upon the stage:—at least, such is our opinion, and we shall remain in it, unless we could meet with a scene-painter and a stage-carpenter who can do justice to a rainbow. The hurling of *Claude Frollo* from the tower of Notre Dame, the description of which in the reading is enough, not only to make "each particular hair to stand on end," but to make one "dream of the devil, and wake in a fright" for a week afterwards, was, upon the stage, something worse than a simple failure; for shouts of laughter rung the knell of the ill-stuffed "guy," which Mr. H. Wallack's unpleasant duty called upon him to push overboard. As well might an attempt have been made to produce a tragic effect by *Quasimodo*'s swinging on the bell-rope. We trust that the misplaced lecture against flogging, the delivery of which was, ludicrously enough, intrusted to the public executioner at the public place of punishment, has been withdrawn. The redoubled energy with which the gentleman who played Ketch dealt out the remainder of his speech after the first shower of hisses, was most creditable to his feelings as a man, but highly indiscreet in him as an actor. It was "preachee and floggee too," with a vengeance. The music, selected by Mr. Rodwell from the works of Weber, was generally pleasing, and sometimes, but not always, appropriate: upon the whole, it was a difficult task ably executed, there being but one piece to which any serious objection was applicable—the finale to the second act, where the action of the drama and the music are as much at odds with one another as storm and calm. Miss Romer returned to the stage upon this occasion, and sang in *Esmeralda* with considerable taste and execution; her acting, however, was very tame, and her de-

livery of the dialogue feeble. We strongly recommend the total omission of the part of *Gudule*, the mad mother. It is altogether unnecessary, and decidedly the most disagreeable exhibition we ever witnessed on the stage—the more so, from being too correctly acted by Mrs. W. West. The recovery of the daughter by means of the comparison of the two shoes, so well described in the novel, produced, on the stage, an effect, the very reverse of what was intended, and excited nothing but laughter. The general getting up of the piece, which has been so much praised in one or two of the papers, was, we are compelled to say, unworthy of a national theatre. The choruses were wretchedly sung; the people were far too few in number; and the dresses, at all events most of them, were, as to date, if we may be allowed the misquotation—

Not of an age, but of no time.

Having gone through the disagreeable part of our duty, we turn with pleasure to those matters of which we can speak well. The scenery was very beautiful, and mostly appropriate; though, even here, we must express a hope, that some new background will be substituted for that used in the scene of the ferry-house and mill-stream. The part of *Quasimodo* was very ably sustained by Mr. H. Wallack; he is a much better actor than he has hitherto had general credit for being. Nobody could have acted Mr. Fitzball's *Quasimodo* better, but nobody can act Victor Hugo's *Quasimodo* at all. We have to offer very nearly unqualified praise to Mr. Bennett for his performance of the Archdeacon of Notre Dame. This was the only part which, perhaps, admitted of being correctly transferred from the novel to the stage. Mr. Bennett had evidently studied it from the original, and his representation was one of the best and most truly earnest we have seen of late years. We wish he would not consider it essential to tragedy to detain a word every now and then until it is glad to make its escape a letter at a time, but this is a trifling blot on a right-able delineation. The giving out of this drama for repetition was opposed, and not slightly, but the Ayes had it.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—A new burletta has been produced here with considerable success, entitled 'The Mendicant.' There is the word "original" before it, in conspicuous letters. We know not who the author is, but, if we had been in his place, we would not have used this expression. For further particulars, inquire of a French piece, whose title is 'Le Vagabond.'

MISCELLANEA

Manufacture of Iron.—The *Hot Blast*.—Having expressed an opinion, in a former paper, that information was much wanted in England as to the effect of the hot blast, now generally in use in Scotland, on the quality of the manufactured iron, a correspondent obligingly directed our attention to the articles, 'Glasgow,' and 'Iron-making,' in the new edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*. We were not sorry to have a text suggested by which we might ascertain whether the editor of that work was active in securing the latest and best information relating to the state of the arts and manufactures of the country, and the result has been greatly in his favour. In the former article Dr. Cleland observes—"The air, at first raised to 250° of Fahrenheit, produced a saving of three-sevenths in every ton of pig-iron made; and the heating apparatus having since been enlarged, so as to increase the temperature of the blast to 600° of Fahrenheit and upwards, a proportionate saving of fuel is effected; and an immense additional saving is also acquired by the use of raw coal instead of coke, which may now be adopted by thus increasing the heat of the blast, the whole waste incurred in burning the coal into coke being thus also avoided in the process of iron-making. By the use of this invention, with three-sevenths of the fuel which he formerly employed in the cold air process, the iron-maker is now enabled to make one-third more iron of a superior quality. Were the hot blast generally adopted, the saving to the country in the article of coal would be immense. In Britain about 700,000 tons of iron is made annually, of which 55,500 tons only are produced in Scotland. On these 55,500 tons his invention would save, in the

process of manufacture, 222,000 tons of coal annually. In England the saving would be in proportion to the strength and quality of the coal, and cannot be computed at less than 1,320,000 tons annually; and taking the price of coals at the low rate of 4s. per ton, a yearly saving of 308,400l. sterling would be effected." The writer of the article 'Iron-making,' published in the last number of the *Encyclopædia*, speaks less confidently as to its effects on the quality of the iron: "Whether the metal produced by the hot blast be equal to that made in the usual way, admits of some doubt. The general opinion seems to be, that the iron is weaker, both in the pig and in the wrought bar." But he proceeds to observe—"There appears to be no possible reason why this should be the case, provided that coke only be employed in the blast-furnace. If the coal be used in a raw state, as it most commonly is, when the furnace is blown by hot air, then there certainly is room for suspicion that deleterious substances may come in contact with the iron, which had the coal been coked, would, during that operation, have been in great part, if not wholly, removed."

Barberini Library, Rome.—By a letter lately received from Rome, it appears that the Barberini Library is closed for an indefinite period, in consequence of spoliation committed by an under-keeper, who has sold some of its choicest MSS., and is now in prison.—*Gentleman's Mag.*

Literary Pensions.—It gives us great pleasure to record, that Lord Melbourne has granted a pension of 150l. per annum to Mr. Benjamin Thorpe, the learned translator of Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, and Cadmon's Metrical Paraphrase.—*Ibid.*

Navigation of the Indus.—Extract of a letter from Captain Wade, the Governor-General's agent at Loodiana:—"You will be glad to learn, that a small fleet of boats left Loodiana in the end of June, under the stipulations of the treaties for the navigation of the Indus, and that part of their cargoes is destined for Bombay. Should the voyage succeed, which I have taken every possible precaution to ensure, I hope it will be followed by some enterprises on the part of the Bombay merchants. I do not apprehend those dangers which appear to effect others with a reluctance to engage in the scheme. The native merchants on our side of India take a very favourable view of the subject, and, large as the rate of toll may seem to your merchants, it bears no proportion to the aggregate amount of duty with which the overland trade is now charged. The principal defect in the scheme is the want of an European British agent at the mouth of the Indus. Col. Pottinger will ultimately, I hope, be able to remedy this evil." A considerable native trade is already carried on in Bombay with the Punjab and Candahar, and all that is required to turn it towards the Indus, is to convince the individuals engaged in it of the advantages of that route. But we fear it will be difficult to do this while the governments on the banks of the river retain their present character.—*Bombay Courier.*

Socotra.—The island of Socotra, it appears, after all, is to be abandoned. Tenders for a vessel, to bring away the troops and stores there, are advertised for in the last *Government Gazette*. The resolution of the Supreme Government in this respect has long been anticipated, and it is only surprising that it was not adopted soon enough to save the expense attending the removal of the last detachment sent to the island. It still proves, however, as we always anticipated, that the occupation of the place, as a coal-depot, would be found one of the most ill-judged and unfortunate parts of the Bengal scheme for steam-navigation. For, in a pecuniary point of view alone, the loss attending it far exceeds all the sums that have been squandered by the Bengal Steam Committee, and, unfortunately, is not confined to stores and money—no less than twenty valuable lives having already been sacrificed on the island, while several more may be lost before the detachment now on it returns. We have only to add, that we conclude the "comprehensive plan"—in failures comprehensive indeed—has at last been abandoned in all its branches; for, without Socotra, it was, from the first, considered impracticable; and, if so, the future disposal of the wretched little remnant of the Bengal Steam Fund is the only point that remains to be considered.—*Ibid.*

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